

The Outlook

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No. 2

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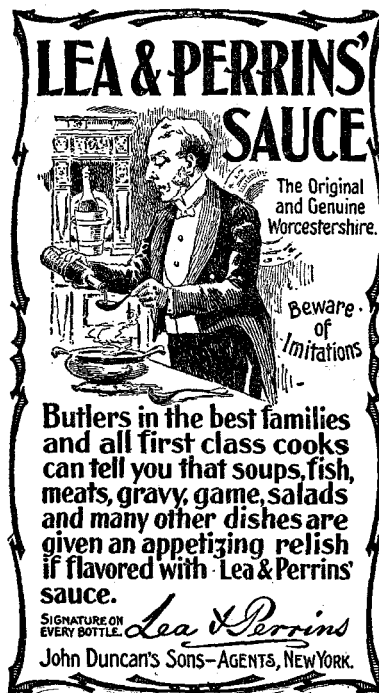
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China: The Russian-American Proposal

Russian diplomacy has given the Powers a surprise in its proposal that the allies withdraw their troops from Peking during negotiations for the establishment of a recognized Government in China and the settling of questions of indemnity and security for the future. That Russia should plainly state her willingness to maintain the northern Chinese border as it was before the Boxer outbreak is indeed extraordinary, and contradicts what was generally believed to be her policy of aggression in Manchuria, and all the more so as the week's despatches show that Russian troops are occupying almost all of Manchuria except Mukden. From the point of view of the United States it is extremely gratifying to have from Russia the positive declaration that she has "no designs of territorial acquisition in China," and that she is ready to retire from Newchang, which she has "occupied for military purposes." The Russian note to the Powers even goes so far as to declare that orders have been given to the Russian Minister in Peking to withdraw to Tientsin and for the Russian troops to be withdrawn, and this apparently without reference to the action of other Powers. In reply, our Government expresses its pleasure that all the Powers have disclaimed aggressive purposes—a somewhat questionable assertion as to Germany, one may think; asserts that far the greater part of China is now at peace, and that some of the Viceroy's are active in suppressing the Boxers; repeats its former declaration of the purposes of the United States, now partly accomplished by the relief of the legations, and to be fully satisfied by restoration of peace, security to foreigners, and permanent future protection; and then replies directly

to the Russian proposition in the following words:

In our opinion, these purposes could best be attained by the joint occupation of Peking, under a definite understanding between the Powers, until the Chinese Government shall have been re-established and shall be in a position to enter into new treaties with adequate provisions for reparation and guarantees of future protection. With the establishment and recognition of such authority, the United States would wish to withdraw its military forces from Peking, and remit to the processes of peaceful negotiation our just demands.

We consider, however, that a continued occupation of Peking would be ineffective to produce the desired result, unless all the Powers unite therein with entire harmony of purpose. Any Power which determines to withdraw its troops from Peking will necessarily proceed thereafter to protect its interests in China by its own method, and we think that this would make a general withdrawal expedient. As to the time and manner of withdrawal, we think that, in view of the imperfect knowledge of the military situation resulting from the interruptions of telegraphic communication, the several military commanders at Peking should be instructed to confer and agree together upon the withdrawal as a concerted movement, as they agreed upon the advance.

The result of these considerations is that, unless there is such a general expression by the Powers in favor of continued occupation as to modify the views expressed by the Government of Russia and lead to a general agreement for continued occupation, we shall give instructions to the commander of the American forces in China to withdraw our troops from Peking, after due conference with the other commanders as to the time and manner of withdrawal.

In short, the United States would prefer that the Powers continued to occupy Peking at present, but not unless all the Powers agree to that course; therefore it is ready to withdraw if Russia does so. As we write, the replies of the other Powers to Russia's note have not been made public. English papers are outspoken in resenting the fact that the lead should thus be taken

by Russia; they regard the move as one to acquire predominance by that nation in whatever action may be taken, and think that the result would be to place too much power in the hands of Li-Hung-Chang, whom the English regard as distinctly favorable to Russian as opposed to British interests and influence in China. Earl Li is still in Shanghai, so that the discussion as to detaining him at Taku turns out to have been useless, not to say unwise. The New York "Tribune" on Saturday published this despatch from Li-Hung-Chang: "Withdrawal of foreign troops from Peking would facilitate peace negotiations. No doubt need be entertained that I shall undertake vigorously to restore order, protect foreigners, and punish and suppress the Boxers."



In Peking Actual news from Peking last week filtered through the imperfect telegraph agencies very slowly, and the despatches have an unfortunate tendency to lose their dates in transmission. Mr. Conger, in an undated message (which probably left Peking about August 24), stated that on August 28 (Tuesday of last week) a formal entry would be made into the Imperial Palace, that a "military promenade" of all nations would be made through it, and that it would then be closed and guarded. Despatches to other Governments refer to this spectacular programme in the same way, and doubtless it took place on the day named. Such a demonstration has for its object the impressing of the idea of foreign power and victory on the Chinese people; in 1860, despite the burning and looting of the Summer Palace, the common people were taught and believed that the English and French forces retired from Peking because they dared not enter the sacred precincts of the Inner City. Mr. Conger also cabled that Prince Ching (a man of high standing with the Chinese Government, and one favorably disposed toward foreigners) was expected at Peking soon; and there are other indications that at least a part of the members of the Tsungli-Yamen (Foreign Office) are assembling in Peking. No definite news of the Emperor and Empress Dowager has been received. The forces of the allies in Taku, Peking,

Tientsin, and between these cities are reported on August 18 as about 46,000 men, while Russia has large forces in Manchuria, and Great Britain, France, and Japan have troops at Shanghai and in the Yangtse and Amoy regions, and German forces are beginning to arrive in considerable numbers. Most conflicting accounts are given of the experiences of those shut up in the Peking legations so long, some narrators saying that the Chinese made but faint attacks, while others—and these probably the more accurate—state that immunity from destruction was secured only by a marvelously skillful construction of sand-bags and earthwork defenses, and that even then only the fact that the Chinese guns were too close to allow of the right elevation averted total destruction; one reporter states that in the first three weeks of the siege of the legations 2,800 shells fell within the walls. The total loss of the imprisoned foreigners was 65 killed and 131 wounded. Mr. Gilbert Reid, the well-known missionary, was the only American civilian wounded. The first entrance of the rescuers was effected by a company of Sikhs, led by Sir Alfred Gaselee, who waded up a sewage-canal under the Tartar City wall. All accounts speak well of the behavior of the American soldiers, and correspondents who have described the looting and plunder at Tientsin and Peking as extensive and lamentable expressly state that the American troops took no part in the excesses, and remained under discipline.



A Defeat for the Boers The events of last week in South Africa make it not impossible that the end of armed resistance to British power is at last near. Lord Roberts's advance in force to the northeast was for a while stubbornly resisted, but the battle before Machadodorp, which of late has been the Boer headquarters, resulted in a distinct and serious defeat for the Boers, and was followed by the evacuation of Machadodorp and a retreat toward the north in the direction of Lydenburg. General Buller's column had the brunt of the attacking movement, and acquitted itself with credit. Scouting parties sent out by the British report that the

Boers are apparently scattering, and the London War Office seems to think it probable that President Kruger and President Steyn may take refuge in Portuguese territory and give up further hostilities. Reports of this kind have been so common for the past three months that the present one must be received with some reserve, particularly as General De Wet's activity in the Orange River Colony seems increasing rather than diminishing. If Lord Roberts shall soon capture the Delagoa Bay Railroad line, it is hard to see what other course than surrender will be left to the Boers. Seventeen hundred British prisoners were released by the Boers before their retreat began. They came from Nooitgedacht, which is now threatened by General Buller. From Rhodesia great dissatisfaction is reported with Mr. Rhodes's new labor policy, which includes the bringing in of Chinamen under contract to take the place of the costly white and unwilling black labor.



The Election in Cuba As the day of election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention (September 15) approaches, considerable political activity is being shown in Cuba. The parties are the same as those which presented candidates in the municipal election, and the several parties vary in political preponderance in different parts of the island. In Havana, for instance, the National party appears to be in superior strength, and has named eight candidates for delegates to the Constitutional Convention. In Santa Clara Province, on the other hand, the Republicans are believed to be in great strength, and their candidates are almost all active revolutionists. A good effect has been produced by the speeches made lately at several large towns in Cuba by Governor-General Wood. These speeches have greatly increased the confidence of the people of Cuba in the sincerity of the assurances of the United States Government that independence should be established. Thus, at Santiago, General Wood said: "Whatever the ultimate destiny of Cuba may be, its immediate future is independence. This is no political move on the part of the United States, but a necessary desire to do what is right." Furthermore, General

Wood constantly pointed out that the delegates must be men capable of drafting a constitution and of providing a sound form of government without party prejudices. As he put it, "I wish to avoid making Cuba into a second Hayti, although I do not think that possible. We want liberty for all, and for no particular party." General Wood told the Cubans everywhere that President McKinley and the people in the United States were surprised and pleased at the satisfactory way in which the municipal elections passed off; and that the calmness and peace with which those elections were conducted had assured the United States that Cuba was ready for the next step. Less assuring have been the utterances of General Maximo Gomez, whom most Cubans consider the inevitable choice as the first President of Cuba. General Gomez has been urging that all delegates elected should be, not only Cubans in favor of independence, but Cubans who actually took part in the revolution. At a distance, nothing appears more certain than the undesirability of electing a Constitutional Convention composed entirely of insurrectionary military officers; and we believe that Cuba will follow General Wood's advice rather than that of General Gomez. A number of Cubans, many of them men of influence and wealth, have been urging the Washington Government to give assurances that the Constitution drafted by the Convention should not settle the relations of Cuba to the United States (as is laid down in the decree calling for the Convention), but that those relations should be established by treaty and agreement between the new Cuba, when once established, and the United States. Mr. Cisneros has presented a memorial to the President which he asserts represents the feelings and opinions of all Cubans; it urges immediate, absolute, and unconditional independence with freedom in the scope of the questions to be considered by the Constitutional Convention.



Primaries, Direct and Indirect The important political news last week was all connected in some way with the issue of direct primaries. The most important event was the holding of the indirect primaries throughout New

York State to determine who should be the Democratic candidate for Governor. These primaries, under the new law, were, with few exceptions, fairly conducted, but the fact that the voters could not directly express their choice for Governor, and could only select delegates to a State Convention, kept four-fifths of them at home. As a rule, in this city, only the regular workers and their immediate friends came to the primaries, and as a result the regular machine, whose nominees were not pledged to any particular candidate, had little difficulty in carrying all the wards. In a few, however, opposition candidates, directly pledged to support Mr. Coler, obtained nearly half the votes. Outside of this city delegates who support Mr. Hill in his indorsement of Mr. Coler were nearly everywhere elected, and it is still possible that the Brooklyn machine will join forces with the "up-the-State" delegates and put in nomination the man who would bring to the party incomparably the largest independent vote. Nevertheless, the probabilities are that the machines will sacrifice not only the public interests, but the party's interests, in order to subserve the private interests of their own leaders. With direct primaries the vote would unquestionably have given Comptroller Coler an overwhelming majority over all other competitors. No one can question this who believes that direct primaries would bring out a general vote; and no one can question that they would bring out a general vote who noticed the result of the direct primaries held last week by the white voters of South Carolina. There are only a hundred and twenty thousand such voters in South Carolina, and at the last regular election less than thirty thousand of them went to the polls. At the primaries last week, however, the total vote exceeded ninety thousand. In other words, the vote at the direct primaries was as general as was the vote in Massachusetts, for example, at the last State election. The principal issue in South Carolina was the dispensary—Governor McSweeney and two other candidates championing the continuance of that institution, and Colonel Hoyt advocating the substitution of complete prohibition. At the direct primaries Colonel Hoyt polled approximately 34,000 votes, Governor McSweeney 38,000, and the two remaining dispensary candidates

about nineteen thousand votes together. As no candidate received a majority of the total vote, there must be a second election, at which every one must vote for either Governor McSweeney or Colonel Hoyt; but the emphatic majority given to the dispensary candidates almost insures Governor McSweeney's renomination. Whatever the outcome of the second election, however, no one can question that direct primaries do bring the voters to the polls.



What Mr. Bryan
Could Do

In a recent interview, in answer to the question as to what Mr. Bryan could do, if he were elected President, to break down the gold standard, Mr. Gage, the Secretary of the Treasury, replied:

There is no doubt Mr. Bryan could order his Secretary of the Treasury to make payment in silver of all of the public debt payable in coin, and for all current disbursements of the Government as well, which amount to \$1,500,000 to \$1,750,000 per day. That he would give such an order, too, is very certain, if he is in the same mind that he was when in 1896, for he was then quoted as saying: "If there is any one who believes that the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I want him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in the country longer than I am able to get rid of it."

In answer to the question whether it would be possible to control a sufficient volume of silver to make such payments, the Secretary declared that there would be great difficulty in doing so at once, the Treasury being now firmly established on a gold basis; but he said that the announcement by the Treasury of its purpose to pay silver in settlement of all interest on the public debts not specially payable in gold, and to make its daily disbursements in silver, would stop the inflow of gold and increase payments into the Treasury of silver and silver certificates, with the result that within a short time all the revenues of the Government would be paid to it in silver dollars or silver certificates, and all its disbursements made in similar coin or currency. In this way a circuit of silver out of the Treasury into the hands of the people, and from the people to the banks, and back again through the Custom-House and the collectors of revenues, would be established, and the Government would be practically

on a silver basis. In Mr. Gage's opinion the result would be a run upon the Treasury in the form of presentation of greenbacks which are redeemable in gold, and of which there are \$430,000,000 outstanding, against which the Government holds \$150,000,000 in gold; and this fund would soon be reduced below the minimum of \$100,000,000. When these statements were brought to the attention of Mr. Bryan by a reporter at Lincoln last week, he refused to submit to an interview or to answer any questions. He can hardly afford to leave his purpose in doubt, and the country will await with a good deal of interest his declaration of policy on this subject. He has definitely declared what he would do if he were elected President in regard to the attitude of the United States toward the Philippines; it is much to be hoped that he will be equally frank as to his attitude toward the currency question.



**Political Complications
in Delaware**

Mr. J. Edward Addicks, the perpetual candidate for Senator from Delaware, is making his usual aggressive campaign this year, and three Republican State Conventions, for and against him, have been held lately. It was in 1888 that Mr. Addicks—a millionaire gas speculator, and a newcomer in the State—first made his appearance in Delaware politics by contributing largely to the campaign fund. In 1894, when a Republican Legislature tried to elect a successor to Mr. Higgins, Mr. Addicks, by controlling four representatives, held the balance of power between the Democrats and the regular Republicans, and, by his insistence upon "Addicks or nobody," prevented an election and left the coveted seat vacant. In 1896 he and his followers held a State Convention and sent "Union Republican" delegates to the St. Louis Convention, but were not recognized. In 1898, by another contest in the Legislature, he again prevented an election for Senator, adding this time three Democratic legislators to his list of supporters. Delaware had for some time had a bad reputation as to bribery in elections, and Mr. Addicks gained wide and unenviable notoriety by enlarging and perfecting the practice, so that the better

element of both parties felt it necessary, in framing the new Constitution of the State later in 1898, to enact stringent rules and penalties against bribery in future. They appear to have had little effect, however, and both parties fear the inroads of Mr. Addicks upon the venal vote. He has succeeded, this summer, in marshaling so large a delegation to the Republican National Convention that his delegates were recognized, and the Regulars, refusing to compromise, were turned down by the committee. Mr. Addicks pledged himself, if recognized in the Convention, to carry Delaware for the Republicans on both State and National tickets, but it remains to be seen whether he can perform his promise, since "Anybody but Addicks" has come to be the logical answering war-cry to "Addicks or nobody." The situation at present is that the Regulars, led by Mr. Higgins, having held their State Convention on August 21, refuse to unite with Mr. Addicks upon a State ticket, though they have nominated the same National electors and accepted four of his nominations made at the "snap" Union Republican Convention the week before. The official Addicks State Convention, held on August 23, has placed in the field a ticket made up largely of the directors of Mr. Addicks's well-known "Bay State Gas Company," the nominees for Governor and Attorney-General being closely connected with that corporation. The Regular ticket is of much better type, and the Democrats, at their State Convention in September, hope to take advantage of the situation and make their State ticket of as high a caliber as possible. If this is done, the probabilities are that many Regulars, to make assurance doubly sure, will vote the Democratic State ticket rather than their own. As there are two Senatorial seats for the next Legislature to fill, it is counted among the possibilities that Mr. Addicks may be able to combine with the venal elements of both parties and make a deal which will secure him the seat he has coveted so long. To prevent this the Democrats have made a standing offer of \$5,000 for the detection of any case of bribery either at the polls or in the Legislature. An independent observer writes us that the Republicans, being united on the National electors, may carry Dela-

ware by a small margin for McKinley, but that the Democrats will win on the State ticket; that the coming Legislature will be divided into the usual three groups—Democrats, Regulars, and Addicks men—with the Democrats so much in the majority that, unless Mr. Addicks is able to make some unlooked-for combination, he will be left out in the cold next January.



Bresci's Sentence The assassin of King Humbert was convicted at Milan last week with hardly any opposition or defense, and, as capital punishment does not now exist in Italy, was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. The expectation of some persons that sensational scenes would be enacted during the trial was disappointed; the accused, Bresci, acknowledged the deed, but denied that the crime was plotted either in Europe or America, or that he had any accomplices. It is stated that Bresci displayed callous cynicism on the stand. The defense was limited to evidence going to show that Bresci had borne a fair character before the deed, although the attorney for the defense, who is said to be a theoretical rather than a destructive Anarchist, made some slight attempt to defend the theories of Anarchism, but was compelled to desist by the court. Bresci's final utterance was a declaration that Italy would soon see a revolution. This, of course, is quite possible, as revolution may occur in any country, and the condition of the lower classes of people, and particularly of the agricultural people, in Italy is shocking and depressing in the extreme, and appears to be growing worse rather than better; but, whatever may be the possibilities of revolution, certainly nothing will be accomplished for the people by aimless and senseless assassination, such as that of King Humbert.



F. W. Nietzsche Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, who died at Weimar last month, was not a man to be counted among the serious thinkers of his time, although his so-called philosophical works have been widely read by many who take an interest in intellectual paradoxes and who are ready to welcome the conclusions

of a pessimist. A man of brilliant abilities and of abnormal mental activity, Nietzsche was practically insane for many years before his death, and had been entirely insane since 1889. During his student life at Bonn and Leipzig his unusual ability attracted attention. He planned at one time to enter the ministry, but renounced it, made a specialty of Oriental languages, and secured the appointment of Professor of Philology at Basle. About this time he fell under the influence of Wagner, and became a passionate partisan of the great composer. In 1876, while listening to the performance of Wagner's operas at Bayreuth, he suddenly changed his attitude and became as bitterly opposed as he had previously been enthusiastically devoted. At the time this change was considered inexplicable, but it was later explained by his mental disease. He published a book in which he denounced almost without measure Wagner's theory of life and his principles of musical composition. His later books pressed the doctrine of pessimism to its furthest limits. He proposed not only to abolish hospitals and philanthropic associations of all kinds which looked to the relief of the weak, but to restrain physicians and surgeons from interfering with what he regarded as the natural processes of nature, the end of which was to destroy by pitiless evolution all save the strongest. Life was to him simply a struggle for existence. He regarded religion as superstition, moral ideas as faint shadows of religious conceptions, and society as largely an interference with the operation of natural laws.



**A Socialist Leader's
Funeral**

Outside the ranks of royalty, no death in Germany for many years has called forth such a popular demonstration as that of Wilhelm Liebknecht. Next to Marx and Lassalle, the thinkers who founded the Socialist movement in Germany, Liebknecht did more than any other man to build up its present power. Herr Bebel, who alone came to rank with him in leadership, was his disciple, and entered the movement through Liebknecht's influence. From his youth Liebknecht fought for democracy and suffered for it. At the

age of twenty-two he was imprisoned for the part he had taken in the democratic revolution of 1848—to the failure of which America owes the intellectually finest part of her German-born citizenship. While an exile in England, after his imprisonment, he embraced the social philosophy of Marx, and on his return to Germany in 1862 he at once became an influential writer for advanced democracy—industrial as well as political—in the columns of the North German "Gazette." When this paper became a Bismarckian organ, he established another; and when this had been suppressed and another imprisonment endured, he again re-entered the lists. Soon thereafter he was elected to the Prussian legislature, and his legislative and parliamentary career has since been interrupted only by his imprisonments. Without pre-eminent intellectual ability, his overmastering faith in Socialism as the cause of humanity made him a power throughout the German Empire. Even beyond the national boundaries his influence was felt, and his funeral was attended by representatives of the Socialists of all the countries of western Europe. "The funeral," says the Berlin "National Zeitung," "was a great popular demonstration." Six thousand men from Liebknecht's election district led the procession, and over twenty-five thousand more from other districts followed, while the streets all along the nine miles over which the procession passed were lined with sympathizers. The poor of the whole city seemed to join in the mourning over the dead politician.

Adolph Harnack

The election of Dr. Adolph Harnack as Rector of the University of Berlin, at the age of forty-nine, and in the face of the strong opposition of the orthodox party, is a just recognition of his eminent services to Christian scholarship, the influence which he exerts among scholars in all parts of the world, and the affection in which he is held by his old pupils. It has been said of him that, more than any other living man, he has made Church history popular. This is due to the fact that, being charged with vitality, he vitalizes every subject he touches. Church history

is not to him a record of ecclesiastical happenings; he penetrates the fact to the vital force or the spiritual quality behind it. Moreover, he has kept his scholarship fresh by continual contact with the original sources of knowledge in the departments of church history and of dogma, to which he has devoted his life. His range of information in these spheres is co-extensive with their boundaries; and whatever he knows he possesses. Students in his lecture-room are drawn from all departments of the University; they are not only students of theology, but also of law, medicine, the fine arts, and the sciences. His vitality, originality, and religious spirit stamp him as one of the creative men in German scholarship to-day; and his election as rector places at the head of one of the greatest universities in the world a scholar who represents the best in German intellectual life.



Pope and King The House of Savoy stands for two great traditions in Italy: constitutional government and "a free Church in a free State." These traditions were faithfully preserved by Victor Emmanuel and by King Humbert, and there is good reason to believe that Victor Emmanuel III. will consistently maintain them. His earliest utterances show that he has them clearly in mind, and that, in spite of the report that he has been under clerical influence, he intends to remain loyal to them, in accordance with the tradition and with the policy which the Papacy has maintained ever since Italy became united and Rome its capital. The Pope has addressed a letter to the Catholic Governments of Europe, declaring that he does not recognize Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, but as King of Sardinia, reaffirming the Papal claim to sovereignty over the States formerly held by the Church, and appealing to the Catholic Powers for relief from the position in which the Papacy has been placed for three decades. The new King will maintain the traditions of his family, and Leo XIII. the traditions of the Papacy; accordingly, the breach between the Vatican and the Quirinal will not be healed. The Roman Catholic Church has almost unlimited ability to wait, and it has seen many things come to pass which would

have been impossible in the life of any organization less continuous than its own; but there is not the least probability that the life of the Papacy will be long enough to witness a return to its old position of temporal sovereignty and the transfer of the House of Savoy back to its old kingdom of Sardinia. There may come radical changes in the political organization of Italy, but such changes are likely to be more unfavorable to the political ambitions of the Pope than the attitude of the House of Savoy. The Catholic Powers to which the Pope appeals have dwindled to Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Austria-Hungary; three of them Powers of the third class, while Austria-Hungary is held together only by the tact and devotion of its ruler. Catholic Europe has become as much a dream as the temporal power of the Papacy.



In a Church Court A case in the Consistory Court of London, which we find reported in the "Birmingham Post," illustrates the electrical state and unstable equilibrium of the ecclesiastical atmosphere of England. The Vicar of St. Anselm's Church desired to set up a rood screen at the entrance to the chancel. On this screen were to be figures of Christ on the Cross, his mother, and St. John, all of life size. Objection being made by the Chancellor of the diocese when applied to for permission, the Vicar's counsel replied to the objection that the proposed representation of a historic scene was "a partial representation," that the petitioner was willing either to add to or to take away from the figures designed for the screen, so as to bring it "within the terms of Scriptural exactness" approved by the Court. He also urged that there was no evidence to show that such a representation might tend to superstition. The Chancellor said that he felt bound by previous decisions to refuse the application, as had been done in the dioceses of Norwich and Rochester. St. Anselm's was a parish church, for the use of all the surrounding inhabitants. Nothing, therefore, could be put up or done therein which would be likely to offend any one attending the service. The proposed screen "might be made an object of superstitious reverence," and he would

not authorize it. Appeal has been taken from this decision to the Court of Arches. It is to be noted that much greater sensitiveness to the sentiment of the parish appears in this case than appeared some ten years ago, when a sculptured reredos of similar character to this rood screen was set up in St. Paul's Cathedral, an event which caused a loud but disregarded outcry.



Missionary Notes

At the beginning of September the American Board was able to announce in its "Missionary Herald" that no definite tidings had so far been received of the death of any person in China connected with it, though the peril was not past. There was no doubt, however, that many members of its native churches had met a martyr's death. An article in the "Indian Spectator," of Bombay, by an eminent Parsee, Mr. Malabari, says of the famine-relief work done by missionaries of the Board: "We cannot find adequate terms to give expression to our admiration of the manner in which the missionaries of the Christian religion are spending themselves during this terrible crisis for the sake of the people of this country. They are acting on the principle that the gift without the giver is bare." The penetrating effect upon the Hindu mind of this year's experience of Christian philanthropy will outreach that of many years of ordinary persuasion. But for the famine in India and the outbreak in China, the current expenses of the Board would have been covered by the increased donations of the year; but largely increased expenses in both those countries have been unavoidable, and the situation appeals for correspondingly increased supplies. To sustain the 2,500 orphaned children that the Marathi Mission in India is now able to care for will require \$50,000 a year for an average term of five years. By October more than a million dollars will have been contributed by this country to relieve the distress of India, but in the aftermath of the famine there should be no sudden cut-off of help. The Board sent out a dozen missionaries in August, seven of them new workers, to India, Turkey, and Africa. The daughter of the Pundita Ramabai has also sailed to join her mother, whose work during the

famine has been exhausting. Professor Max Müller's recent open letter to Mozoomdar, the Brahmo-Somaj leader, urging him to declare himself a Christian, has quite changed Hindu opinion of Dr. Müller. In view of his often expressed admiration for the best side of Hindu philosophy and faith (the present writer has heard him say that Hinduism is in some aspects "a beautiful religion"), they freely quoted him, and some of them held that in his former birth he was an orthodox Brahman. Now they reckon him as no better than a missionary, which is for them a term of vilification. It is of no use to go a mile with some people in India, and here also, in hope of getting them to go twain with us. The adoption of the gold standard in India is thus commented on in a recent missionary letter: "Silver may be, and indeed is, a very convenient currency in some respects, but even so demonetized an individual as a missionary finds that he sits more easily upon a gold standard than a silver one. It has wonderfully sobered the tottering silver rupee, so that we can now rely on its market value and redeeming quality." To these mission notes we may add that the annual meeting of the American Board is to be held at St. Louis, October 10.



**American Missionary
Association**

The fifty-fourth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association is to be held in Springfield, Mass., from October 23 to 25. The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., of Brooklyn, will preach the sermon. The churches and citizens extend a cordial invitation to delegates, life-members, and others. The meeting, it is announced, promises to be one of the largest and most interesting missionary conventions ever held by Congregational churches. Problems of National importance will be discussed by distinguished speakers. The full programme of exercises and addresses may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Dr. A. F. Beard, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York. Reports from missions extending from Porto Rico to Alaska will be presented, and missionaries of many races will bring messages from different fields. Contributing churches, local conferences, and State associations are entitled to elect delegates.

The Administration and China

Since the beginning of the troubles in China, our Government has had two distinct objects in view, and only two: first, to protect the lives and properties of its citizens and to secure proper guarantees of indemnity for injuries inflicted upon our citizens and their property; and, second, to use every endeavor to preserve the integrity of China and to maintain the "open door"—that is to say, to keep China free to the commerce of the world. To this policy it has consistently adhered from the beginning. When the Powers bombarded the forts at Taku, the American Admiral, with the same kind of independence and sound judgment that Admiral Dewey showed in an aggressive form at Manila, refused to join in the attack, declaring that it was unjustifiable, and that it would be very bad policy. Events have apparently confirmed this position; and nothing which Americans have done in China since the troubles began reflects more credit on the country than the position of Admiral Kempff. When it became evident, however, that the legations were in serious peril, our Government took a leading part in urging and taking prompt action, and it was largely due to our initiative that, after the retreat of Admiral Seymour's column of relief, an adequate expedition was hastily organized, rapidly pushed to the gates of Peking, and the legations relieved from their terrible peril. So far as the first object of our Government is concerned, it still remains to secure adequate reparation for injuries inflicted; but the Government may be trusted to do that in its own way and at its own time, and with due regard to justice.

No sooner had it accomplished its first aim than it promptly addressed itself to the second; that is to say, to maintain the integrity of China and the open door. The very interesting correspondence between our Government and Russia, of which a full abstract is given elsewhere, will form a notable chapter in recent diplomacy, and one which may not improbably be the first step in negotiations between the Powers looking to reasonable and harmonious action. It comes as a surprise to

Europe, not because there is anything new in the position which the United States takes in that correspondence—for its position is strictly in harmony with every declaration which it has previously made—but because Russia has come to our point of view. Having rescued the legations, the United States is ready, upon proper and trustworthy assurances from responsible Chinese officials, to withdraw its forces from Peking and allow the Chinese to reconstruct their own Government. Russia is not only the first in the field to propose the immediate adoption of this programme, but definitely declares that she has no designs to seize territory in China, and that she desires to preserve the integrity of the Empire. If the other Powers can be brought to act with Russia and the United States, a great triumph will be secured for Western diplomacy, and a great service rendered to China. Nothing could do more to convince the Chinese that the Western nations are not made up exclusively of selfish traders and unscrupulous land-grabbers than the action upon which Russia and the United States have agreed. It must not be forgotten that, however great the offense of China has been (and no one will minimize it), that country has a long list of grievances against the Western Powers. Before we are done with China we shall be compelled, if our policy with that country is to be either intelligent or Christian, to find out the Chinese point of view, and to consider dispassionately how much is to be said on their behalf. It is easy to imagine the attitude of a conservative Chinese, belonging to an empire older than any of its antagonists, in the face of the great changes which have been brought about by Western influence during the last few decades. China has seen an eruption of what she considers barbarians into her territory; she has seen the rise of a new religion, the introduction of a new school system, the organization of a new administration, the creation of a modern army with modern weapons, the forcible seizure of Chinese ports, the taking of great sections of the country, and she has heard the growing talk about the dismemberment of the Empire. It is not surprising that, under all these circumstances, there has been a tremendous reaction against West-

ern advance, and that that reaction has taken violent forms. All this must be taken into account by the Western Powers, if they are to show any justice in their dealings with the Chinese.

Our Government has kept itself absolutely free from the suspicion of a selfish policy; its statesmanlike dealing with the whole question from the beginning grows more and more clear, and its influence, both in China and in Europe, will correspondingly gain in weight, whether the Powers act with us or not. Russia may have ulterior plans behind her proposals, as the English press suggests, but she has come, for the time being at least, to our position. Our policy has been frank, just, and generous. It has taken into account the interests of China quite as much as the interests of our own citizens; it marks a new stage in international dealings. It is one of Mr. Hay's many successes, and it adds immensely to the prestige of an Administration which has had to deal with more various and difficult problems than any since the administration of President Lincoln; and which has, taking into account their magnitude, delicacy, and peril, dealt with them with extraordinary success.



Open to the Light

"By inspirations," writes St. Francis of Sales, "are meant all those interior attractions, motions, reproaches and remorse, illuminations and instructions, which God excites in us, preventing our heart with his blessings, through his fatherly care and love, in order to awaken, stimulate, urge, and attract us to the practice of holy virtues, to heavenly love, to good resolutions, and, in a word, to everything that may help us on our way to eternal happiness. This is what the Spouse calls knocking at the door, and speaking to the heart of his Spouse, awaking her when she sleeps, calling after her when she is absent, inviting her to eat of his honey, gather apples, and flowers in his garden, to sing, and cause her sweet voice to sound in his ears."

Under this mystical figure the good Bishop of Geneva illustrates the gentle, tender, constant approach of God to the soul through all manner of deep and

beautiful impulses and ministries. The shepherd is always going after the sheep which have strayed; the lighted candle is always shining in the hand of one who searches for the lost; the Christ is always seeking those who have fallen and defiled themselves; the Spirit is always striving to open the eyes, confirm the faith, widen the activity, and deepen the joy of the soul which leaves a door of entrance ajar. As light streams from world to world until the universe floats in a fathomless sea of splendor, so the spirit of God floods the world of consciousness, searching everywhere for access to the hidden sources of truth and joy in life, and evoking every fine instinct, every sound purpose, every generous aspiration, into activity.

Men are lonely, depressed, and defeated not because they are fighting a solitary battle, making a solitary journey, or going through an incomprehensible experience, but because they shut themselves away from inspiration and bar the doors against divine companionship. There is nothing more certain than that men attract to themselves the persons who are like them in aim and the experiences which match their temper and deeds. To the violent man violence is always approaching; while the man of quiet spirit finds peace waiting on his steps. The censorious, the harsh, and the uncharitable are continually haunted by coldness, indifference, and unsympathetic judgments; the kindly, the generous, and the helpful find the services they render returning to them in a world which blossoms about their feet as they move through life. Let no man deceive himself with the pagan myths of the Fates; it is we who make or mar ourselves; our hands sow the seed which presently bears its grain for our glad or sorrowful harvesting.

The fellowship, the illumination, and the guidance of God are always to be had for the asking; but asking is not a form of words; it is purifying, sweetening, and consecrating the spirit; it is so ordering the invisible house in which we live that pure thoughts fly thither by force of spiritual gravitation; that generous purposes gather there and grow in strength by reason of the hospitality which greets them; that noble inspirations find there that air of faith in which they spread their

wings in glorious strength. To the man of open and sensitive imagination the world is always abloom; he has small need of the help of the poets to keep fresh and clear his vision of the beauty which lies on the face of nature. In like manner, the pure of heart are not dependent on external evidences that God is in his world. To keep the house of life sweet with the fragrance of good thoughts and deeds is to invite His presence whose coming is like the light of morning which opens the flowers and sets the souls of the birds free in a music which is the voice of the earth singing to the sky that fertilizes it.



New York's Overshadowing Issue

The separation of State from National issues, which reformers have been urging for years, is supremely essential this year in New York. Apparently the managers of both parties are counting upon the presence of a National election to make the voters forget that any State issues are to be decided. Yet a State issue is to be decided more important than any which has brought the voters to the polls in any distinctively State campaign during the past decade. Unless the voters keep this issue in mind, and vote only for the candidates who represent their interests regardless of National party lines, the issue is likely to be decided by the party managers adversely to the welfare of the public.

The issue to which we refer is, of course, that of the Ramapo water monopoly. During the past fortnight, thanks to the high public spirit of the Merchants' Association, the public has received an authoritative report showing just what this colossal conspiracy threatens. The report, which was prepared at a cost of over thirty thousand dollars and covers over six hundred printed pages, makes clear and sure just what New York's present water supply has cost, just what the Ramapo contract will cost, and approximately what the city will need to expend to continue independent of the private monopoly. Put in the briefest possible compass, the facts are as follows:

From 1832 till 1884 the cost of con-

structing the old water system with the Croton Aqueduct was \$37,000,000, and the net profits over and above operating expenses and interest were \$4,000,000.

From 1885 till 1898 the cost of constructing the new water system with the new Aqueduct was \$49,000,000, and the net profits have been \$19,000,000.

The yearly profits have steadily risen with the city's increased consumption. They now aggregate nearly \$2,000,000 a year, and are likely to equal \$4,000,000 by 1910. The cost to the city of supplying water has fallen from \$54 per million gallons half a century ago to \$29 in 1898, and still further reductions are promised from works now under construction.

At this point the Ramapo Company enters and almost binds the city to pay \$70 per million gallons for water brought only to the northern boundary of the city. As distribution through the city costs \$10 a million gallons, the Ramapo price is really \$80 per million, or nearly three times as much as it costs the city to supply itself!

The proposed Ramapo contract covers a period of forty years (1906-1945), during which the company offers to supply 200,000,000 gallons daily at this price of \$80 per million. Inasmuch as the city charges consumers but \$50 a million, it would during this whole period have a deficit of \$30 where it now has a profit of over \$20 on each million gallons delivered. Put in tabular form, the difference is:

COMPARISON FOR FORTY YEARS, 1906-1945	
Net profit by city system.....	\$48,000,000
Deficit under Ramapo contract....	60,000,000

Total loss from contract.... \$108,000,000

In estimating the cost of operation under city ownership the Merchants' Association reckons not only upon keeping up interest payments, but also upon making sinking-fund payments sufficient to pay for the new system that will be needed within a few years to supply additional water. Such a system, capable of supplying 250,000,000 gallons daily from the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie, can, it reports, be constructed for \$37,000,000. By 1945 the bonds issued to pay for this system would all be retired by the sinking-fund payments, and the city would own this valuable plant; whereas if it accepted the Ramapo contract it

would in 1945 own nothing. The difference, therefore, between the results of city ownership and the acceptance of the Ramapo contract will be not merely \$108,000,000, as stated in the table, but this vast sum in cash, and the ownership of a \$37,000,000 aqueduct besides.

With such an exhibit there is no doubt as to what course the people wish to have pursued. They wish for such legislation as will extinguish or expropriate the dangerous rights claimed by the Ramapo Company under its scandalous charter. They also wish for such legislation as will permit the people of New York City and other cities to secure for themselves such water as may be necessary for their future needs. No party, however powerful, would dare to go into any campaign—not even Tammany Hall into a New York City campaign—proclaiming to the people that any other course would be pursued. But present appearances indicate that the party managers of both parties intend to put forward candidates who, when in office, will pursue the course desired by the Ramapo Company, and put obstacles in the way of the measures desired by the entire disinterested public. If the public permits this all-important State issue to be ignored in the conflict over National issues, or consents to vote for party nominees whose position on this issue is not clear and explicit, the party managers will come out victorious, and the public interests will again be betrayed.



Concerning Temperance

An illustration of the intemperate methods of certain so-called temperance advocates—methods which we are persuaded do incalculable injury to the temperance cause—is furnished by certain so-called reformers who charge the President of the United States with being a wine-bibber because he sometimes drinks wine. Whether he does or not we do not know, and it is not our business to inquire. To call him a wine-bibber on the assumption that he does drink wine is to commit a far greater offense than that of wine-drinking, because it is an offense against truth, and wine-drinking is only an offense against a conventional standard of propriety. A great many years ago a certain

great teacher was accused of being a wine-bibber because he drank wine at weddings, feasts, and other similar occasions. He paid no attention whatever to the charge, continued to drink wine with his disciples, and left it for them to use as a memorial of his presence and his life. The names of the men who preferred the charge against him have perished in oblivion, and the charge itself would no longer be known had he not preserved it in history by his reference to it.

Temperance reformers will not accomplish a permanent temperance reform until they learn the nature of the virtue which they advocate and the vice which they condemn. Temperance is not synonymous with total abstinence from intoxicating liquors; it is self-control. Intemperance is the mastery of the reason and the conscience by the animal nature; temperance is the mastery of the animal nature by reason and conscience. The man who has good reason to think that drinking coffee is injuring him, and still continues to drink coffee, is intemperate; the man who has good reason to think that drinking wine or beer benefits him, and therefore drinks the wine or the beer, is not intemperate; he may be mistaken, but he is not intemperate. Drunkenness is a sin; whether drinking is a sin depends upon circumstances. To coddle the drunkard as a poor victim, and condemn the occasional or temperate wine-drinker as a wine-bibber, is to confuse moral distinctions and set moral laws at defiance.

The text is often quoted, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth," but those who quote this text should not forget the preceding declaration of the same Apostle, "Neither, if we eat, are we the better; neither, if we eat not, are we the worse." We ought to remember his urgent counsel, "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died;" but we ought not to forget his other equally urgent counsel, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" It is always right, and it is often duty, for a Christian to surrender his liberty for the sake of his brother, but he cannot surrender what he does not possess. The Outlook insists, with Paul, that he who drinks not shall not condemn him who drinks; it insists that each individual has a duty of defending his liberty whenever

it is assailed; it insists that asceticism is not Christianity; it insists that the law, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is a pagan law which the New Testament repudiates, and is a poor substitute for the Christian life; but it also insists that when that liberty is secured, he who possesses it must use it, not for the satisfying of the flesh, not in mere self-gratification, and not so as to become a stumbling-block to those who are weak. Each individual must determine for himself how he will use this liberty: if this question is to be decided for him by another, it is not liberty at all. Where there is no liberty there can be no temperance. The inmates of a State prison are all total abstainers, but this does not make them all temperate men. The object of teaching, preaching, and example should be to make men temperate; that is, self-controlled. The social excommunications, the rule-making, the legislation, which tend to substitute the control of one man over another man, work against temperance because they work against self-control.



A Word for the Reader

A great deal of sympathy has been expressed of late years for the writers of books: their burdens, perplexities, and woes have been described with the utmost elaboration and in the most kindly mood. It has been shown many times that, if they have the poetic imagination, or the gift of clear intelligence, or the love of sound form, they have fallen upon evil days. It has been said that those who have musical voices sing in the ears of a generation which is indifferent to melody; that those who have a deep philosophic insight into life have happened upon a time which is concerned only with the externals of living; and that those who are committed by the structure of their own natures to the pursuit of the ideal have been born two or three centuries too late. The difficulty of securing intelligent attention at the start, the competition of the magazine and the newspaper, the indifference of editors and publishers, the desire of the great untrained public to waste its time on stories of adventure, sentimental verse, and semi-religious commonplace, the fascination of

science, the distractions of modern industrial life—all these aspects of modern life have been set in order by way of explaining why the great poet does not arrive and why the great novelist delays his coming. Every one who is convinced that all things are awry, and that modern life has reversed all sound conditions of living, thinking, and acting, laments the evil conditions upon which the man of genius has fallen in our time, and grieves over the situation in which literature finds itself.

But no one seems to think of the reader of books. His trials are never enumerated, his griefs are not set down, his perplexities are forgotten. He is either treated as a person who does not exist; or as an undeveloped individuality without definite tastes, convictions, or ideas; or as a vulgar person who loves what is meretricious, cheap, and unwholesome. Every writing gentleman of pessimistic proclivities falls foul of the reader at frequent and regular intervals, puts him in the pillory, and expends his scorn at leisure upon the unhappy victim. He is denounced because he reads too many newspapers, subscribes to too many magazines, is a member of too many clubs, draws too many books from the libraries, reads too much ephemeral literature, and wastes too much of his strength on fiction. He is reproached because he reads "The Sorrows of Satan" instead of the Essays of Bacon; because he buys the latest popular exposition of science instead of going to the authorities.

Now, the reader is not without his faults; as an average man, he shares the average moral defects of the race. He is often—perhaps as a rule—very imperfectly educated; he lacks the advantages of specialized training, and he has had very little leisure; but it is a serious question whether the reader of books does not deserve some of the sympathy which has been extended to the writers of books. His position is a difficult one. He is offered an immense range of material, ancient and modern; he is urged to read the classics; he is told that no harmonious development can be secured without acquaintance with the great poetry; he is reminded that nobody can understand his own time who has not a good knowledge of history. It is

assumed on every hand that he must be acquainted with science; he is appealed to, through the advertisements in his journals, the announcements in the shop windows, the placards at the news-stands, by the charms of the latest novel.

What shall he choose? in which direction shall he go? to whom shall he turn for advice? If he appeals to the authorities in the different fields, he often finds them at swords' points with one another. The scientist tells him that philosophy has had its day, and that it is to be studied only from the historical point of view, as shedding light upon the processes of historic evolution. The philosopher, on the other hand, declares that he still pursues the queen of sciences, and that no kind of knowledge yields its finest fruit until philosophy has rationalized and interpreted it. If he enters the field of literature, the romanticist confronts him as the wedding-guest in "The Ancient Mariner" was waylaid, and tells him a melancholy tale of the decay of the spirit of romance, and depicts for him the brutalities of the realistic movement. No sooner does he escape this insistent guide than he falls into the hands of the realist, who tells him that romanticism is an outgrown mood of an immature race; that the interest of a mature race always centers in the fact, and that realism represents the only reality. If his curiosity is whetted by what he hears about Ibsen, Tolstōi, and Maeterlinck, and he endeavors to get some light on their claims to attention, he is at once plunged into a fathomless bog of contradictions. He hears, on the one hand, that Ibsen is the first of modern dramatists and one of the most original men of genius in our time, and, on the other, that he is a charlatan, with a one-sided view of life, a philosophy of society which is hopelessly crude, and an immoral tendency. One group of people assure him that Tolstōi is the most powerful and searching novelist of the century, and another that Tolstōi is a fanatic who has lost the sense of art, who is as lacking in moral reticence as Whitman, and who is the master of all that is unwholesome. If he opens "Quo Vadis," he is assured by the man on his right that it is one of the greatest of semi-historical novels, and by the man on his left that it ought to be suppressed by law. If he happens upon

the "Forest Lovers," he is informed by one friend that he is going to feel again the charm of Spenser, and by another that he is in imminent danger of having his imagination corrupted.

The problem which confronts the average reader is by no means insoluble, but this bare statement of it suggests that he ought to receive more sympathy than has yet been given him; and that when his evil conditions are fully taken into account he may not be either so ignorant or so gross-minded as he is often represented. He is usually a very decent person, who would like to make the best use of his time if he only knew how to accomplish that important result, and to get the most for his money if he only knew what books to buy. He appears to like a good book when it comes in his way, and he certainly has an instinct for selecting the best out of the work of the past. He still reads Jane Austen, but he does not read "The Castle of Otranto" or "The Mysteries of Udolpho." He reads Shelley, but he has forgotten Tupper. Would it not be wiser to approach the reader in a sympathetic vein rather than to waste on him a satire to which he is probably indifferent and a scorn which rarely reaches him?



The Spectator

"Every night and morning, when I say my prayers," asserted a sweet lady of many sorrows, "from the bottom of my heart I thank my heavenly Father, first, that I can read books, and, secondly, that I have a sense of humor." And, indeed, through the tragic happenings of that little lady's brave life, those who knew her best could never doubt that her trials were lightened, her burdens made bearable, by the possession of those same blessings for which she thus gave thanks. It has always seemed to the Spectator a little strange that among the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount humor is not once definitely mentioned as a cardinal blessing for which man should strive and pray. But those who, with the Spectator, reverently believe in humor as a rare and helpful virtue may be able to persuade themselves that some one of the beatitudes must have stood, in its day

and generation, as the equivalent of what we would now call *humor*. Some time in the future one of our scholars may make the discovery that humor was definitely mentioned in this inspired list, just as it has been decided that it isn't "charity" that vaunteth not itself, but "love." Or it may be that the gentle gift of humor had no actual place or need of existence in the storm and stress of those sterner, more volcanic, less conventional and less subtle days. Be this as it may, it remains true for us in this present period that some degree of humor each of us must have, or labor under a serious disadvantage among our kind. Firmness of temper, force of character, patience, endurance—all these can do much toward gaining an end in view. But when all these forces have been applied in turn unsuccessfully, how often, at a sudden touch on that mighty lever called *humor*, do we see all that accomplished which force could never have gained!



There was a certain very reasonable-minded friend of the Spectator's who owned a wharf that led up from the water before his door to his summer home, but, unfortunately, this wharf was also a convenient landing-place for the public road that ran behind his house. The wharf-owner was a man sufficiently generous to the traveling public, but when a man has any regard for privacy, as most of us have, or ought to have, it is not conducive to a calm state of temper to find boats constantly tied to our pier-posts, and the boats' owners climbing over our wharf to walk across our lawns, past our porch, and under the very shadow of our own private vine and fig-tree. The wharf's proprietor tried to solve his problem by every method that firmness and dignity dictated. He built him a fence at the pier's end. He posted warning signs, and in his own person, with more or less imperiousness, warned off persistent trespassers. All was of no avail. At last, one morning, this fertile-minded proprietor went to his wharf and carefully removed from it every sign he had posted there. He also removed every vestige of his fence, leaving the way perfectly free. Then on the end of his landing he hung one fairly large sign that threatened noth-

ing and nobody. The sign was merely a polite but brief poem, and ran thus :

Please keep off
This private wharf.

Which gentle and, above all, humorous request was strictly respected from the hour of its appearance. Boat-loads of people paused on their way, read, laughed, and passed on, but ventured not to intrude on a privacy that laughingly ridiculed them as intruders, though they had not hesitated to trespass when seriously threatened. The Spectator will quote one other such efficacious sign: "We don't lend our tools; you don't return them!" This suggestive and humorous saying, hand-painted, and hanging over a country carpenter's work-bench, must have palsied many a tongue that came a-borrowing. The Spectator can answer for one tongue that hurriedly changed a request for the loan of a foot-rule to a mild request for a drink of water, but doubtless there were others who were similarly affected.

As a weapon of self-defense, humor has its own peculiar place in life's arsenal; that fact is proven; but it is not a weapon of *offense*, as is satire, the bastard cousin of humor. Humor's gentle answer turneth away wrath, while satire invites anger. A humorous retort has a pleasant and calming influence, yet carries with it at the same time a subtle warning that the speaker is not quite to be trifled with. Satire gives a like warning, to be sure, but, in common with chickens and curses and boomerangs, satire has a fatal trick of coming home to roost. No one wholly enjoys being laughed at, smile the humorist ever so gently; and in this laugh lies humor's restraining power; but when it comes to being *sneered* at, as satire sneers, human nature will not endure the insult, and sooner or later vengeance is apt to follow. It may be that humor has no place in the original beatitudes, but the Spectator must still declare, Blessed are the Humorous! We love them for the self-restraint which keeps ridicule inside the line of satire, and yet we fear their gentle laugh sufficiently to respect their "private wharves."

Still speaking of humor, it is not always an easy thing to define, even where

we detect its presence. Not long ago the Spectator was visiting a fellow-worker, who was a wife and mother, and as he sat near her desk his eye was suddenly caught by a memorandum written so clearly that at a glance (this is the Spectator's justification) he read it. It ran thus :

Write short essay on humor.
Buy matches.
Stove-lifter.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Spectator's hostess, and in reply he silently pointed to the memorandum on the desk. The authoress blushed a little as she read the list, but the woman in her rose at once in defense.

"And why not essays and stove-lifters?" she asked.

"Why not, indeed?" replied the Spectator. "Only it struck me that your memorandum was a kind of short humorous essay in itself. What do you think?"

And after a momentary struggle the writer of this short humorous essay admitted the impeachment.

"I can see it's humorous," she answered, "but I don't see why it is. Matches and stove-lifters are just as serious affairs and just as important to have as essays on any subject. Suppose you let me look over your note-book."

The Spectator handed her his note-book, and there on the first leaf that appeared were these memoranda :

Answer Gov. ——'s letter.
See Editor of ——.
Buy Johnny's rocking-horse.

"There!" cried the Spectator's hostess, turning the leaf out triumphantly.

The Spectator read the items over.

"Yes," he said, "there they are, the same kind of items: but your point is not proven. Your memorandum strikes us both as humorous, and mine doesn't at all. It seems perfectly natural. I don't know why that's so, but it is and you know it."

The Spectator's candid friend thought for a moment and then replied :

"But why is it so?"

"I don't know," said the Spectator. "I think it has something to do with the woman question, but I'm not sure."

"Suppose you write and ask The Outlook about it," said the lady.

"I will," said the Spectator.

The Paris Exposition: The Industrial Side

By Robert Donald

Editor of the London "Municipal Journal"

[This is the first of a series of articles relating to the Paris Exposition. Other subjects and writers will be: The Religious Aspect, by Charles Wagner, author of "Youth" and "Justice;" The Social Economics Exhibition (illustrated), by Dr. W. H. Tolman, Secretary of the League for Social Service; Educational Aspects, by Howard J. Rogers, Director of Education for the Commissioner-General of the United States to the Exposition; The Historical Element, by the Rev. W. E. Griffis, D.D., author of "The Mikado's Empire," etc., etc.; Woman's Part in the Exposition, by Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon); and The Pictorial Side of the Exposition, by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, illustrated by the author.—THE EDITORS.]

"INDUSTRY, liberating and sacred industry, it is thou who consolest! Under thy steps ignorance vanishes, evil flies! By thee mankind, freed from the servitude of night, mounts, mounts without ceasing, towards that luminous and serene region where is one day to be realized the ideal of perfect accord, of honor, justice, and kindness."

In these words M. Millerand, Minister of Commerce, apostrophized industry in his speech at the opening of the Paris Exposition. He regarded the creation of the Exposition as a triumph for French industry. And so it is. The scheme has been wonderfully well conceived and admirably executed. The site has been used to the best advantage. What strikes one most—viewing the Exposition buildings from an industrial standpoint—is the dominating artistic element which leaves its impress everywhere. The French workman is slow; he is always behind; he finishes late, but well. Centuries of training have developed the special characteristics of French architects and engineers; the national artistic sense among the people—attributable partly to temperament, partly to environment—has produced the neat craftsman. The uniformity which usually characterizes French design has been relieved by one or two outbursts of originality in the Exposition buildings. The two permanent palaces are thoroughly unconventional, and the Alexander III. bridge is a magnificent piece of original work. One does not know whether to regard it as an engineering masterpiece or a work of art. It is both. Two engineers, two architects, and four sculptors were engaged upon it, and their combined talent has produced what many consider the finest bridge in the world. No bridge ever had such beauti-

ful bronze lamps, such architectural and artistic embellishment. The low arch makes a most graceful span, and, by keeping the arch down to the level of the roadway, the vista looking towards the façade and dome of the Invalides Palace is uninterrupted. All the buildings for which the French people have been responsible are well conceived, with the exception of the monumental entrance, which is an eyesore.

Turning from the buildings to the means of getting about the Exposition, we find that French originality ceases. At the Exposition of 1889 the chief means of transit was a little Decanville railroad. The means now mark an advance. There are an electric railroad and a moving platform. A platform of this style has been seen before in Chicago and afterwards at Berlin, although the French claim priority for this invention. The electric railroad has been equipped by the Société Industrielle d'Électricité, which is the French name for the Westinghouse Company.

The Exposition is the most representative epitome of the world's industry which has ever been brought together. It is the great international shop window where every nation has samples of its wares. Allowing for the natural preponderance of France in every section as regards extent of space occupied and the number of articles exhibited, the Exposition may be taken as representative.

A run through the machinery hall and galleries, where the products of industry are exhibited, leaves the impression that of all foreign countries Germany has the most imposing show, America the most businesslike. Great Britain took the short-sighted policy of boycotting the Exposition. Just at the time when firms should have been preparing their goods, the Fashoda incident occurred, and many

withdrew, or took little trouble to make a good show. If all the British possessions—Canada, Australia, India, etc.—were to add their exhibits to the mother country's, they would make a formidable show, but the colonies have their independent spaces. Germany, on the other hand, has come to Paris with the determination of impressing the world that it is a great industrial power. It has gone in for ostentation. No foreign country has brought such huge machines, or placed its goods in such elaborate settings. Fortunate in securing some ends of sections and conspicuous places, Germany has made the most of the sites.

One of the leading features of the Exposition is the machinery hall, where the power station is. A large amount of electric power is required for driving machines and elevators, for the railroad and moving platform, and current is also wanted for lighting and illuminations. Foreign nations were asked to participate in equipping the power station where their machinery could be put to a good practical test. Germany has best responded, supplying about a third of the motive power. It has sent four sets of generating apparatus, which show that Germany is becoming a formidable competitor in the production of electrical plants. These are perhaps the most valuable German exhibits at the Fair. Some of the other German sections look impressive, but close examination will show that there is little originality, and that the workmanship is not of the best and most thorough kind. It is a case of show rather than quality.

The United States is the most business-like among the exhibitors. American machinery is moving where possible; the whole process of making the American show is performed under the people's eye. Weaving-machines are at work, a daily newspaper is produced, and other samples of characteristic American enterprises are given. The American Pavilion in the Rue des Nations is like a business house; other nations have made their pavilions look like bazaars or art storehouses.

Russia has made a great effort to impress France and the world in the section devoted to metallurgy, where there are great piles of tools and groups of castings. Russia is remarkably well represented.

In no department of modern industrial

life does the Exposition mark a greater step forward than in electrical engineering, when compared with the last Paris international fair. Weapons of warfare come next in point of progress; the exhibits of 1889 would be regarded as obsolete to-day. Special interest is attached to the new engines of destruction in these days of wars, and the two largest individual exhibits are in the military and naval section. They are the pavilions of Schneider & Co., of Creusot, who supplied the Boers with their "Long Toms," and the Vickers-Maxim Company, of England. The former have a turret-shaped structure containing examples of their long-range and other new guns. The Vickers-Maxim Company have a collection of ferocious-looking quick-firing, death-dealing machine guns, and a large variety of weapons.

Turning to the paths of peaceful industry, there is no phase of it in which there is keener competition than in connection with textiles. Here the nations meet in friendly rivalry, and in looking over the spinning and weaving machinery one notices a number of new inventions. In the weaving section the Millar loom, exhibited by a London firm although an American invention, is the most ingenious. It introduces a clever combination of knitting and weaving, and is capable of producing a great variety of cloth. A remarkable thing about the machine is that, while it quickens production, any one can work it after a day's teaching. These machines which increase production and dispense with trained and skilled operatives form an important factor in the labor problem as well as in competition. Zurich, the center of industrial Switzerland, shows up well in this section, and France displays much originality in its Jacquard machines. In the kindred section of spinning machinery, prominence should be given to an Alsatian firm for its ingenious use of electric power in a mule spinning-frame. One motor drives the spindles and another works the carriage. British machinery appears to good advantage here, although in the textile as in other sections it cannot be said to be representative of the industrial position which England occupies.

One of the most crowded parts of the industrial sections of the Exposition is

that relating to costumes. There is a wonderful show of costumes and ladies' dress materials, and France maintains her position for this class of goods. The exhibit sent by the city of Lyons is magnificent, and must be the envy and admiration of other countries interested in the silk industry.

A section of the Fair which does not admit of comparative treatment is that relating to automobiles, which had no existence ten years ago. There is an endless variety of motor-cars, vehicles of all sizes and shapes—for useful purposes and for pleasure—from a wagon to a small motor-cycle. France has by far the largest show of these fin-de-siècle vehicles.

A survey of the chief industrial exhibits at the great Fair would not be complete without a visit to the Annex at Vincennes. There are no elaborate palaces and pavilions at Vincennes, no crowds and no dust,

but simply a collection of sheds in a wooded park outside Paris. The most exciting thing about the Annex is a cycle track, and in the absence of a crowd of cyclists and "motorists" are able to fly over the road at full speed. While there is an enormous show of cycles from all countries, collections of agricultural and other machines, the Annex is chiefly intended for exhibits referring to transportation. There are trains and cars of all nations capable of producing them. Germany has arranged a train in sumptuous style, but it was probably not made in Germany, as it belongs to the International Sleeping-Car Company under another name. The French railroads take up a great deal of space, and America has an excellent show. The new locomotive adopted on the State railroads in France and included in the French section was made in Philadelphia.

China: A Missionary's View

By Mrs. S. L. Baldwin¹

THE world stands aghast to-day at the great upheaval in China, and asks persistently, What could have produced such a convulsion? Among the various causes given of late we have the assurance, from sources by no means well informed, that the missionary is the chief cause of all the trouble. Without a doubt the missionary factor is in the situation, but there are more factors than one, and they have been doing their fruitful work for years. The only marvel is that the revolt did not come sooner.

Let us look at the chief causes of the present outbreak in the Chinese Empire. At one time opium was a contraband article in China. Only two hundred chests annually were allowed to enter the country, solely for medicinal purposes, and it was strictly forbidden as an article of trade. But the East India Company, then in charge largely of India and Eastern trade, learned that the Portuguese profitably smuggled opium into China. India had vast plains upon which the poppy

would flourish. Every inch of ground was needed to keep famine from India's poor, but what of the hunger of the poor as compared to the greed for gold? The East India Company proceeded to compel poppy-planting in India, although it impoverished the soil, and for years smuggled opium into China. After a time the English Government superseded said Company, and we then had the spectacle for many years of the great Christian English Government engaged in smuggling a deadly poison into a helpless country. The Emperor of China, finally losing all patience after long years of defiance of his laws and ruin of his people, sent Commissioner Li from Peking to Canton, with full power summarily to execute all Chinese in league with the smugglers and to confiscate all opium he could find. Li, with great moderation, only shut up in their factories the English and American merchants whose hands were black with the trade. He supplied them with good food, but seized their opium, put it in pits filled with water, and then floated it out to sea. An opium "tea-party"!

Then England came with her cannon

¹As most of our readers know, Mrs. Baldwin was for many years a missionary in China, and writes from long and close observation and study of the country and people.—THE EDITORS.

and soldiers, and we had the Opium War as known in history, which Lord Elgin declared "the most iniquitous war ever waged." But might conquered right, and England compelled China to pay \$21,000,000 for the war and opium destroyed, and took her southern port, her beautiful island of Hongkong, to-day one of England's chief colonies, and, worse still, compelled China to admit opium as an article of trade. To this moment this awful curse and English Government monopoly is forced upon China.

Many times, as I have urged my sedan-chair bearers not to use opium, have they returned me the answer, "Why do you foreigners bring it to us?" Miles in the interior, where a foreigner never lives and rarely is seen, his face suggests to the native the white man's curse. When a mob years ago in China drove the foreigners out of one of their cities, they cried after them: "You burned our Summer Palace; you killed our Emperor; you are poisoning our people; you are devils!"

Second, what of the other great Protestant nation, the United States? Have we observed the Golden Rule toward a friendly nation? Not by any means. We just bowed assent to all England did. Our merchants shared in the traffic and the iniquitous indemnity forced from China; and after the Chinese Government was compelled to admit opium as an article of trade, every chief American tea firm, save one, had its opium treasure-vault and made its greatest profits on sin. I say, save one; let me write that name out in full. Oliphant & Company stood alone among the mercantile firms of all nationalities with hands clean of the wicked traffic. They would not allow a chest of opium to be carried on their steamers or allow it to be mentioned in their trade reports.¹ Was sharing in the opium traffic all that our Nation has done to wrong China? No! At the bidding of that element in our country which is ever the foe of any Republic—that would close our public schools, take the Bible and liberty of conscience and a free press from the people—at the bidding of this, our most deadly foe, our Government has insulted China over and over again by the most discriminating laws against its peo-

ple. While demanding for our people in China the privileges of the "most favored nation," it denies to the Chinese what is granted to every other nation.

So that to-day, while the very refuse of Europe lands on our shores by the tens of thousands, and seizes the ballot, and proceeds to compete with the American as well as the Chinese in industries and in power, a college-bred Christian Chinese gentleman enters our free Republic under the most annoying and difficult conditions—not infrequently having to give bonds for the privilege of landing. The refuse from Europe which we welcome is divided among our municipal positions, our jails and pauper establishments, and the American is taxed just so much more for its support, while the Chinese gentleman, with money of his own earning, goes to one of our colleges. I have no word of complaint of immigration laws that shut the door to the menacing multitudes of every land; but when we let in the thousands of most dangerous immigrants from Europe, and shut the door in the face of even students and Christian ministers of one land, then justice, yes, decency, cries out in shame. Such discriminating laws have produced their legitimate results here in the United States in the terrible persecution of these helpless Chinese strangers in our land. Robbery, beatings, shooting, roasting alive—in short, every conceivable brutality—have been perpetrated upon them, not only on the Pacific coast, but bitter wrongs even in Boston, New York, and other Eastern cities. Our dailies never make their front pages brilliant with startling headlines of a Rock Springs massacre—when fifty Chinese were killed in less than an hour, their houses burned, many of them burned alive, women gloating over the suffering. Fifteen years ago that occurred, and up to date no one has been arrested, much less punished, for this fiendish work. Yet Mr. Cleveland, then President, declared that "so far from the Chinese having done anything to cause the assault, their law-abiding disposition was their sole offense."

Third. France wanted to place her goods in China without paying duty, so she just stole Tonquin, killing many innocent people and destroying much valuable property. The Rev. C. M. Cobern,

¹I am glad to say that recently the American Government has forbidden its people to sell opium in China.

Ph.D., says : "It was only in 1884 that a certain French vessel steamed into a Chinese port, and, without even a declaration of war, blew up the entire Chinese fleet, killing three thousand Chinese soldiers and marines." And this is only one of many bitter wrongs perpetrated by the French upon China.

Fourth, Germany. What has she done to complicate the situation? Two German Jesuit priests—never peace factors—were killed in the interior of China. As Li-Hung-Chang justly said, "In any other country such a case would have had a fair trial, the guilty would have been arrested and punished." All of this the Chinese would have done, and far more quickly than we settle such cases in our courts, but China was not allowed to do so. Germany saw her opportunity, and sent her gunboats and soldiers, and *stole* Kiaochau, and miles and miles of China's territory! Again I quote from Dr. Coburn: "Only three years ago a private party of Germans sailed up a Chinese river with the German flag floating at the mast-head of the vessel, landed, and began digging up the tombs of the Chinese kings, hunting for treasure. Appalled and exasperated at the sight, the Chinese gathered, and when the party resisted them with arms, they annihilated these violators of the dead from off the face of the earth! A few weeks later, after the German Consul had inquired what had become of these travelers who had disappeared so suddenly, a German war-ship steamed up the same river and burned down the villages of the patriots who had defended the royal cemeteries." Imagine, if possible, a party of Chinese travelers raiding our Grant's or Washington's tombs!

I have given illustrations of only some of the deeds of four of the "Great Powers." The Chinese have ears to hear, eyes to see and read, and hearts to feel, and are by no means lacking in mental strength. The effect of actual robbery by some nations, and the monstrous proposal to dismember and appropriate the whole country, should not surprise any one by natural results. The assumed wonder of the nations at the present Chinese uprising only illustrates how hardened national conscience may become. The personal attitude of many foreigners in China toward the native people is irritating in the

extreme. Eastern people have a very strict code of etiquette. China had her books on etiquette when our ancestors were the grossest heathen. The lowest working-man in China has his idea of courtesy. But our Western men are, in the majority of cases, utterly regardless of any sort of courtesy toward the Chinese in general. They go about with a lordly, superior air; deal out cuffs and kicks and contempt upon servants and workmen, and even to those they meet in the street, if they regard them as in their way. The prevailing attitude of the foreigner toward the native is too often that of assumed superiority and contemptuous command.

The immoral lives of so many prominent foreigners in China also make a most unfavorable impression upon the natives, and are a sad comment upon the purity of life that the foreign missionary ever exhorts the native to follow. It is not uncommon for the native listener to reply to the preacher and say, "Teacher, I see your own people do not follow their own doctrine."

I look back over thirty-five years, twenty in China, of close knowledge of and touch with this great Empire and its wonderful people, and so far as Governments, trade, and persons are concerned, I see brutality, greed, and the most bitter wrongs ever perpetrated against a people. After years of absence in our homeland, we recently returned and made a twenty-eight-thousand-mile tour through China, Japan, and Korea. I earnestly hoped to find an improvement in the manners of foreigners in China, but I found only the usual exceptions, and I have ever been grateful for them; but cuffs and kicks and abuse and immorality still prevailed, while the "Great Powers" had grown more impudently insulting in their greedy projects; and in all that great tour I breathed the air of a coming struggle, and returned home to declare it certain in the near future. It is here!

I said the missionary factor was in the trouble, and the causes are not fully stated without referring to it. There are missionaries and missionaries. Protestant missionaries have gone to China, have done their work humbly and patiently—have not forced their way—have established schools, colleges, printing-presses, newspapers, orphanages, industrial homes,

have translated books, and done everything to enlighten and lift up a people who have already a literary aristocracy. And I wish to emphasize one fact. The Protestant missionary always holds all of his institutions open to full and free inspection; he seeks the fullest examination, and welcomes and treats with all courtesy all visitors, whether official or from among the common people; and we have the results in the increasing friendship of gentry and officials and their large contributions to our school buildings and the sons of many in our schools. But there is a missionary organization in China—that of the Roman Catholics—which follows very different methods, and in consequence stirs up great evil feeling, prejudice, and suspicion. No open door invites the general visitor. No official would be or is permitted to go all through an orphanage or nunnery. High walls, barred gates, and closed doors are not peacemakers anywhere—much less in a heathen country, where people do not understand such methods. The Catholics are mainly French Jesuits, and France stands firmly behind them, ready to present to the Chinese Government and enforce all the demands of the “Fathers,” and they are by no means modest in their demands. The Rev. C. Frin, S. J., of the Catholic Mission of Kiangnau, says: “To get a true idea of one of our mission centers, in the districts where there have been robber bands, picture to yourself every Christian village as a small stronghold, fortified at every point of vantage. In the center stands the residence of the commander, who is none other than the missionary. This residence is a regular citadel, surrounded by high walls and flanked at its corners by four towers well fortified. There are no doors. The going in and out is effected by means of ladders which are each time drawn back within. During the day the Father attends to his duties and the Chinese to their work. At nightfall every one is at home again, and if danger has been signaled they all retire within their forts, sentries being appointed to keep watch from the towers. At the first cry of alarm the men are up in arms, and the Father directs the defense.”

Mr. Frin declares that this arrangement pleases the native officials. This is far

from correct. The power to do work such as the above—which cannot be duplicated in any Protestant mission in the world—is due to the following concession secured through the French Minister's pressure upon the Central Peking Government. Let Bishop Alphonse Favier, of Tientsin, tell us in his recent report of his territory what they compelled the Chinese Government to grant to them. I quote: “Early in 1897 the Catholic Chinese were under persecution, and at that time the Imperial Government gave consent to the authorities in France to have the propagation of the Catholic religion authorized and churches built in all the provinces of China.” Now comes the very objectionable and, to people and officials, justly offensive forced grant to the Catholics: “The Imperial Government issued a decree entitling Bishops to the same rank as Viceroy and Governors and extending their privileges, in their absence, to the priests whom they leave in charge.” Again, a world of mischief and trouble is in the following. I quote from the Bishop: “The object of the decree was to allow missionaries to settle local disputes with the natives rather than appeal to the Chinese Government or the home Government.” Here we have the clutch and grasp of the “temporal power” with a vengeance. Behold the Christian Catholic Bishop holding court, examining witnesses, sentencing, punishing at his pleasure, ever favoring, as we too sadly know, his natives against the heathen and to him the worse Protestant heretic. The state, retinue, and power taken on by these political ecclesiastical Governors, Viceroys, and Mayors leave little chance for native officials, and make woes many for the native heretics and their Protestant missionaries, who, after serious consideration, declined the opportunity of such temporal power, as altogether contrary to the spirit and history of Protestantism. I declare here and now that this demand so plausibly put for temporal power, with much else that might be told, has been no small factor in widespread irritation among officials and people; and woe be to the poor native Protestant if his Catholic neighbor has a grudge against him! he is easily brought before the Bishop Governor, and as easily consigned to jail!

Now in conclusion. Suppose we try to

put ourselves in the place of the Chinese. Imagine ourselves the weak—heathen if you please—country. Imagine all the various deeds perpetrated in our land that I have written as having occurred in China—and I have by no means exhausted the subject even in this long article. After all of these irritating experiences, would it be surprising if we in our weakness should dub all foreign peoples “foreign devils”? Finally the “Great Powers,” looking around for “more worlds to conquer,” light upon our country as just the territory they want. Our country is rich with mineral wealth undeveloped, our land ought to be honeycombed with railroads, our millions ought to buy *their* goods, that *they* may grow richer and greater; so, while watching each other with jealous care, they publicly and with no shame discuss the monstrous project of carving us up and each stealing a portion, their only concern being how to do it without a fight among themselves! Russia says, “I’ll take all down to Massachusetts.” Germany says, “All right, I am content with Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.” England says, and truly, “I do not want a foot of the territory of the United States, but if ‘spheres of influence’ are to be [a polite term for stealing], I, in self-defense, must have mine; and, with Germany between me and my ancient friend Russia, I will just take New York and Pennsylvania.” Next comes little Japan—little in size—and she speaks up honestly and says, “I am too

little; I have been swelling out and want more territory; so I will have New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland!” Last comes France, with a swing of satisfaction, and exclaims, “My brothers, your robberies suit me exactly; Germany is well up there at the north, and she and England are between me and my dear but ambitious friend Russia. I am more than content with what you have left me, especially as I begin with the seat of government, Washington, and the District of Columbia! The Vatican will lend me all aid in ruling—the whole South is mine!” My patient readers, would we be “anti-foreign” under such conditions? Would our Masonic and other secret societies have any Boxer tendencies? *Would* there be any little row over here, or would we, having received a blow, not on “one cheek” only, but all over our body, just lie down and say, “Tramp us out of existence. Come! Take!”

What shall the end be? Who can tell? The merest spark of jealousy and selfishness between the “Great Powers” may precipitate a conflagration that shall burn around the world. Let the “Great Powers” agree upon China’s independence and solidarity, put in a reform *Chinese*, not Manchu, Government, demand the open door for commerce, the Bible, and liberty of conscience, no ecclesiastical temporal officials or Church temporal power, and the Eastern question can be settled—but let nations unite to cut and carve, and a struggle is ahead such as the world has never seen.

A Sketch

By Julian Hinckley

A builder’s yard, a ship upon the ways,
The groan of straining planks, the snap of stays,
The cheering of a crowd: “She moves!” “She’s off!”
And with a sudden rush and splash the great ship
Leaves the wharf.

A storm-swept, foam-tossed sea, a howling gale,
A ship half lost in foam, a rag of sail,
The tolling of a bell, now lost, now clear—
“The shore! the shore!”—she strikes in crashing
Waves to disappear.

A summer’s eve, a calm and wailing tide,
A dismal stretch of sand that tries to hide
The bones of some great vessel, prow on high,
Outlined against the sunset’s last faint glow
Athwart the sky.

Outside Pretoria: A Typical Fight¹

By James Barnes

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in South Africa

ON Monday, June 11, I went out from Pretoria to see a battle, much as one would go out to see a football game or a bull-fight that was scheduled to take place at a certain hour. All the correspondents had been notified, and carts and riding-horses were at the hotels.

It was dark when we had started, and the quiet little town was deserted. Again came the confusing sense of unreality—a bewildering feeling of not understanding the situation. Why should they wish to fight any more? Why couldn't they stop now, and have it all over?

But Botha had determined to take another whack, and it was rumored that it might be his last, and, with his honor satisfied, he would cry quits.

Generals French and Hutton, with fourteen hundred men—all they could muster mounted out of an original four thousand—were in the hills to the north. Hamilton's division was circling from the southward, and the Eleventh Division, under Pole-Carew, occupied the valley to the eastward of the town. Lord Roberts's headquarters are in the British Residency in Pretoria's pretty little suburb of Sunnyside; and he and his staff also rode out, leaving instructions that they would be back in time for dinner.

From the south, across the Vaal, rumors had been coming of De Wet's activity. The line was cut; there was no telegraphic communication; we had no reliable information of how things were in the Free State. Botha had taken his third, or fourth, or twentieth "last stand" in the hills, and there was to be a fight. Pretoria was cut off from the base, but no one worried. Mackern, of "Scribner's," and I started together at daylight.

Not four miles from the market-place we came across the spoor of the army—the trampled road, the marks of wheels and hoofs, and the myriad prints of hob-nailed boots; the air was tainted with dead horses; just across the railway line was a broken-down Boer ambulance. Except for a few scouts—mere dots on the

distant slopes, and hard to tell if friend or foe—the road was lonely and deserted. It was at Castleton that I first came up with the rear-guard and the transport; they were laagered near a drift flanked by great gum-trees and mimosas; a little deserted inn stood on the banks, with a weed-grown garden about it. The division, we were told, was moving on, not far in front; so on we went.

It did not take long to catch up with the marching men; there they were, plodding in and out among the slopes of the valley; all about were the encircling ridges of the Swartz kopjes meeting in low-lying hills some ten miles eastward. We were perhaps twelve miles from Pretoria. Suddenly heavy firing came from the north, then heavy firing from the southeast. The Eleventh halted, and the men sat down. "She bumps," said some one. "What ho!" The guns to the north were the nearer, and they appeared to be all of eight miles. For a few minutes they were at it hot and heavy; the wind blew the sound directly to us. The Vickers-Maxim "door-knocker" was at work, and there were at least one or two big guns, besides some field artillery, but which belonged to the English and which to the Boers it was hard to tell. The fight on the south was on with a vengeance by nine o'clock. First we thought of riding over to the kopjes and seeing what was going on. We decided not to, however, which was wise, or lucky, as you may care to look at it; the ridges just then were in Brother Boer's possession, a fact we were not sure of, but soon learned.

The valley was full of troops, and soon it was easy to perceive that the halt and the positions of the various bodies were for a definite purpose; they were lying well hidden, but with the glass they could be seen lining the slopes of every little hill or undulation, for the ground was not level. It was a small imitation of the country rising beyond the black-shouldered kopjes.

There was a volunteer company of the

¹ Copyright, 1900, the Outlook Company.

Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders sitting upon a hill among some rocks. It was really an escort to the naval gun which was in position on the north side of the hill. This company of "kilties" had had a peculiar history. It was lost! And it had been so since before Kroonstad. It had left the Highland Brigade, and had come across country escorting transport. Owing to the subsequent movements of the various divisions, and incidentally owing to the movements of General De Wet, they had not been able to rejoin their own command, which had been cut off from communication with the main body. So they had been assigned to go in with the sailors as escort to the four-point-seven.

I was sitting chatting with a friend near a group of officers, looking out over the peaceful scene, for it was a fine warm day and the valley was flooded with sunlight and shivering heat-rays. We were talking of something far removed from war, when all at once we heard the sound of Mausers; hardly a mile away, the reports were coming from the direction of a patch of dark trees that evidently lined a stream.

"Hello!" said my friend; "there they go."

It was his only comment.

The firing continued, and one or two of the men sat up and looked in the direction, but, perceiving they could see nothing, they settled back in comfortable positions in the grass that grew thick among the rocks.

Half an hour or so before, I had noticed some mounted infantry bearing away to the left, and I judged it had been they who had drawn the fire. I said so to the officer.

"May be," replied he; "but the Welsh are down somewhere in there."

As it looked as if there might be a lively little fight forthcoming, I mounted and rode forward, first through a ragged mealie-field, then through a gap in a wire fence, and came to another small kopje much like the one I had just left. The grass here, in a sheltered little hollow, grew up to my pony's ears. Evidently this place had once been a populous kraal of some black tribe, for all about were the remains of stone-walled houses, and lines of ditches crossed them. It made riding somewhat dangerous.

I was picking my way through care-

fully, when I heard a voice. "Oh, why did I leave my little back room in Bloomsburee!" it sang.

There, not twenty feet distant, stood an artilleryman. I knew him by the red-and-blue square on the side of his helmet.

"This is a funny sort of place," he said. "Looks like ruins, them."

I told him what I thought they were.

"Have you got any guns out here?" I asked.

"Two, right over there," he returned, pointing with his thumb.

I looked, and, sure enough, there were the two big siege-guns, standing in the rocks, and wonderfully well hidden. I had almost ridden into them. Their muzzles, lifting high, were pointing at a deep passage through the kopjes some six miles distant, but the men sat about as if they were out for a holiday. In the meantime, mind you, the battle on the north could be heard distinctly, while the fight that Hamilton was having appeared to be coming nearer. Added to this, there was the continual rattle and snapping and drubbing of the rifle-fire, seemingly just over the hill.

Reaching the crest and going over it to the other side, we could see the mounted infantry galloping from left to right strung out in skirmishing order. What appeared to be a line of low stone fences turned out to be three or four companies of infantry, the Welsh taking their ease on the slope of the hill.

Higher up on the crest were others, behind boulders. One could only see that they were firing from their motions. Two artillerymen came out in front of the guns and stretched a long wire between them. Then they squinted at the distant kopjes through little things like toy sextants. They called off some figures, and then one said, "Nine thousand eight hundred." Then they went back again.

They paid little or no attention to the skirmish going on in front. Skirmishing wasn't their business. It was their job to fire by mathematics, and try to hit things they could not see.

It did not take much trouble to find out where the Boers were who were doing all the firing in front.

They occupied a little patch of artificial wood and an empty stone farm-house that

stood near it. I thought how easy it would have been to send a shell or two over there and dislodge them, so that the little brown line could go forward if it wanted to. But the big guns disdained to enter into a contest with mere snipers. They remained silent.

It was all part of the plan, as I afterwards learned. The naval guns, the Highlanders, in fact the whole Eleventh Division, was lying there in hiding. It was an ambush on a big scale, and the plan was for French and Hutton to round up the Boers from either side and drive them down into the cup of the valley.

Suddenly the firing in front ceased. Through the glasses five or six men on horseback could be seen chasing away from the back of the little stone house. Two more joined them from the wood. Seven Mausers could cause quite a little row, I discovered. Of course there had been Lee-Metfords replying to them, and after a few minutes a few mounted infantrymen rode forward, visited the white house, skirted the clump of trees, and came back again. It was one of the little side-shows of a campaign—the sort of a little fight that is reported in a few words: “Exchanged a few shots.”

But when the mounted infantry came back, there were two empty saddles. Somehow I could not help the feeling that, if I were going to be hit at all, I would rather be hit in a real battle than in a little affair like this. But the mounted men, I suppose, have become used to it. At any rate, as they returned, they were not even talking it over. It was part of their business to skirmish round and get shot at, and I suppose they had never reasoned about the irony of the order they had so often received: “Go forward, you men, and draw fire.” By long practice I suppose they have learned to make cautious targets of themselves, and, whether it is heroic or brave or anything else, I suppose they don’t think about it. It is part of their business, as I said before.

But the sun was setting, and it was evident that the plan of getting the Boers into the valley had failed—in fact, it was rather a surprising idea that they would ever have gone there at all.

We learned afterward that French and Hutton had found them in stronger force than had been supposed. The former

had extricated himself from a dangerous position only with great difficulty—had fought at least twice his number all day, up among the kopjes. Part of his transport had been captured, and his men had come under the fire of two forty-pounders at a range of four thousand yards.

As the evening fell the shells from Hamilton’s guns could be seen bursting along the ridge, showing that there the enemy had fallen back. The Eleventh Division, except for the little skirmish before recorded, had not fired a shot.

We all returned to town. At the hotel dinner-tables it was voted that the show had not been worth the price of admission.

But the next morning we heard more of what had been going on, and we learned of the gallant charge of the Twelfth Lancers that had saved the two guns on the left of Hamilton’s advance.

I had ridden out to headquarters next morning to get the details of the whole action, and I called upon one of the members of the staff in the comfortable little cottage which he, with several other officers, occupied at Sunnyside.

“What happened out with Hamilton yesterday?” I asked. “Was it much of a fight?”

The officer replied in a low tone that none of the others could hear. “Come out on the stoep,” said he, “and I’ll tell you.”

He left the group, and we stepped out into the vine-clad porch. He appeared a little embarrassed.

“I didn’t want to talk it over in there,” he said. “So-and-so’s brother was killed, and So-and-so’s cousin. It was really quite a fight, you know.” And then he told me of the Lancers’ charge, and how Lord Airlie and the others had been shot while leading the regiment. He finished his remarks with a smile of grim satisfaction.

“They got into ’em with the lance, and bagged a lot,” he said.

He did not know the details of the fight, but assured me that there would be another this day, and probably it had begun already.

I left feeling sorry and downcast. Almost all of the officers I had known by sight; splendid, handsome young fellows, who, in all likelihood, had cabled home to

their wives and mothers but the week before, "Pretoria at last!"

And the laird of the bonnie house of Airlie, lately recovered from a wound at Thabanchu and just now rid of enteric fever—I knew him well. A natural-born soldier, who loved his profession and commanded one of the best regiments in all England, with a record behind it part of his own making.

I shall never forget the first time I met him, and although it is a digression, I will relate it here.

It was on the way up from Orange River to Modder, back in November of last year. We were going by train, and it took us fifteen hours to make the fifty miles. It was just after the battle; the wounded were coming down the line, and the Boers were reported yet in the hills on either side of the railway. Every one wore his arms ready to repel attack. I had just joined with the army, and was an utter stranger. Not anticipating so long a journey, I had sent my outfit on by road. Night came down, and with it a chilling wind sprang up. Men and officers occupied open trucks. I was endeavoring to keep warm by flapping my arms about in cabman fashion, when some one spoke to me and asked if I had a blanket. I explained that I had none.

"Then crawl in here with me—plenty of room." And the first thing I knew I was lying down beside a big, soldierly fellow with a short, stubby mustache and hair cropped, Tommy fashion, close to his head.

"I sleep like a log," he laughed. "Do you snore?"

I replied that I didn't know, but I believed not, and I think a moment later we were both asleep. The next morning he shared his breakfast with me—soldier's fare—"bully beef" and biscuit. It was some time before I found out that it was Lord Airlie. I don't know why it is, but the finer an Englishman is as a soldier and gentleman, the simpler he seems to be.

I felt sad now as I walked away, for I remembered seeing once, on my way from Cape Town, a sweet-faced woman, prematurely gray, and some one told me it was Lady Airlie, then on her way to Bloemfontein to nurse her husband ill in the fever hospital.

That day there was a bigger fight, and

the evening saw the English lines in possession of the Swartz kops, and they had gained possession by steady advances. Not in the old shoulder-to-shoulder fashion, but in long, spread-out, onward-creeping, not-to-be-stopped manner, availing of every rock and gully, preceded by the sweeping, searching shells. The casualties had been few. Yet it was the heaviest firing, so far as rifles were concerned, since Magersfontein, and there had been marvelous escapes. I saw a man who had two through his jacket, one through his water-bottle, and two through his haversack.

The next morning, looking back over the peaceful valley, the homes of distant Pretoria could be seen nestling among the hills like a New England town. A sudden puff of white smoke lifted high in the still air; it was eighteen miles away on the slope that ran up to Klapperkop.

"They are exploding ammunition found in the forts," said some one.

And thus we were brought back to the idea of war and to things near at hand.

All about were the little loopholed stone "sconces" built by the Boers the day before. There were the piles of empty cartridge-cases and the Mauser clips. Down at the foot of the hill there was a little group. The chaplain was there, and there was a longish gray bundle ready to be slipped into the narrow excavation in the stony ground back of the field hospital. The other side of the Swartz kops looked down upon the railway running east and west. Botha and his followers had gone by train.

"I wish that these bally old Boers would chuck the game," said a young officer, who was juggling for his own amusement with two bits of stone. "If they were half as sick of it as I am, they'd go home."

"It doesn't seem like war any more," put in another.

"No," observed a third. "It's just kill, kill, or be killed." Then he changed the subject, as if it did not much matter. "I say! heard a good story on old 'Kempi' yesterday," and he detailed a yarn about some member of the mess.

I looked back at the town and the valley and the group at the foot of the hill. They were banking up the mound over the excavation.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

XIII.—The Book of Ecclesiastes

By Lyman Abbott

THE Book of Ecclesiastes is like the Book of Proverbs in that it is an interpretation of life from the point of view of experience; it differs from the Book of Proverbs in that it is by a single author, who interprets life chiefly from the point of view of a single experience—that of King Solomon.

All modern or literary students of the Bible are agreed that Solomon is not the author of the book. The fact that in the opening verse of the first chapter the authorship is attributed to "the Preacher, the Son of David, King in Jerusalem," is not conclusive. That certainly means Solomon: but in all ages it has been customary for an author to write in the name of some other character, real or fictitious. Such writing is not fraudulent, unless the object of the writer is to palm off a false name upon his readers in order to secure for his writing a false authority. In this case there is certainly no such endeavor by the author to secure divine authority for this book, for the experience portrayed is anything but a divine experience. No one charges Robert Browning with fraud because in the "Death in the Desert" he puts his own sentiments into the mouth of the dying Apostle John. In some such manner a poet, probably of the fourth century before Christ, took Solomon as a vehicle for the expression of a certain interpretation of life. But though Solomon did not write this prose-poem, in interpreting it we may make use of our knowledge of Solomon, as our understanding of the character of King John will help us to understand Shakespeare's play of that name. What sort of character, then, was Solomon, and what sort of experience of life would a poet attribute to him?

Solomon, more than any other man in Old Testament history, represents that complexity of character which Paul has so graphically described in the seventeenth chapter of Romans. He was

brought up by religious parents; had a religious training; was familiar with the law of God and the ritual of the Temple; his conscience was educated by the law, his reverence by the ritual. But when he came to full age and the possession of power and wealth, he departed from his religious training and became the great sensualist of Israelitish history. The description of his splendor given in the Books of Kings and Chronicles is paralleled only by the historical accounts of the analogously corrupt splendor of the reign of Louis XIV. in France. He built a magnificent palace; his throne was of ivory; his dishes were gold; silver, it is said, was nothing accounted of; he had all the sensual pleasures of an Oriental court—men singers and women singers and dancers; he had a great retinue of servants; at his table, it is said, there were daily consumed thirty oxen, one hundred sheep, and quantities of game. The accuracy of the figures does not concern us; there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the picture which they convey. With this incursion of sensuality came ambition not only to ape but to rival the splendor of other empires. He introduced the harem, and the sensual worship of pagan gods; and this latter carried with it, in both social and religious life, the imitation of pagan ideals. And yet with this sensual and pagan splendor there was maintained a certain intellectual glory. This man, trained in religion, possessing an educated conscience, and surrounding himself with a barbaric and sensual splendor, maintained his fame for wisdom. He was the coiner of proverbs. From his reign apparently dates the beginning of what is known as the Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament. When the Queen of Sheba, attracted by the fame of his splendor, came to see him, she came, it is said, to try him with hard questions. What they were we are not told,

but she was satisfied with the shrewdness of his answers. It is such a man as this, with these contradictory and conflicting elements—a religious training, an educated conscience, a sensual and self-indulgent nature, and a philosophic mind dealing with the actualities of life and trying to understand the riddle of existence—that the poet who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes chose for his mouthpiece. He imagines Solomon musing over the problem of life; reflecting upon wealth, sensual pleasure, gratified ambition, philosophic wisdom, and what these bring; and while this meditative musing on the varied experiences of life is going on, there breaks in upon him from time to time the memory of his childhood's instruction, the sanctions of God's law, the protest of his own conscience, and reflections suggested by his faith in the righteousness of God and a future judgment.

Thus the Book of Ecclesiastes is a dramatic monologue portraying the complicated experiences of life; these voices are conflicting, but they portray the conflict of a single soul at war with itself. In this monologue the man is represented as arguing with himself—weighing the contrasted experiences of life over against one another. A philosopher would take these problems in order; he would consider first the value of pleasure, then that of ambition, then that of wisdom, etc., and, finally, he would draw from this orderly and consecutive consideration a logical conclusion as to life's teaching. But the writer of Ecclesiastes is not a philosopher; he is a poet interpreting human experience. And it is not in such well-ordered thinking that our experiences are fashioned within us. On the contrary, thoughts come tumultuously into our mind; they fight their battle out within our consciousness; they contend for the mastery—ambition, sensuality, wisdom, conscience. There are no parliamentary laws in the human soul, and no one to keep order: first one voice speaks, and then another; they shout against one another; they drown one another. Thus the Book of Ecclesiastes is deliberately and of intention confused, because it is the portrayal of the confused experiences of a soul divided against itself. This confusion is enhanced by one literary characteristic. The writer has told us, in the last chapter, that he has sought out prov-

erbs; that is, ranged over literature to get apothegms that will throw light upon the problem which he is considering. These proverbs, familiar in his time, are inserted in the dramatic monologue; in our time they would be put in quotation-marks, with a foot-note to say where they had come from; but there were no quotation-marks at this time, and the proverbs are incorporated in the body of the text. How much of the book is gathered from a wide range of literature and how much is original with the writer we do not know; but at times there are literary breaks in the order which may fairly be attributed to quotations more or less apt.

We are, then, to imagine a man with religious training, an educated conscience, an apostate life, who has tried the various phases of self-seeking—sensuality, philosophy, ambition—and has undertaken to transcribe the results of his experiences. The product is a journal of fragments, in this respect analogous to Amiel's Journal. After an introduction giving general expression to his spirit of pessimistic fatalism, the poet records the experiences which wealth and self-indulgence bring. He pictures the king as throwing himself with a certain abandon into a life of self-indulgent luxury, and yet remaining, as it were, outside of himself, a spectator of himself, a self-student, his wisdom remaining with him, as he expresses it, that he may thus investigate and see what is the value of wealth and self-indulgence. He thus reports the result of this spiritual vivisection:

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure; and, behold, this also was vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it? I searched in mine heart how to cheer my flesh with wine, mine heart yet guiding me with wisdom, and how to lay hold on folly, till I might see what it was good for the sons of men that they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and parks, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit: I made me pools of water, to water therefrom the forest where trees were reared: I bought menservants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of herds and flocks, above all that were before me in Jerusalem: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, concubines very many. So I was

great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them: I withheld not my heart from any joy, for my heart rejoiced because of all my labor; and this was my portion from all my labor. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.¹

The king is next portrayed as giving himself in a similar spirit to ambition, with a like reflection on the experiment while he is trying it; the result is the same: "What hath a man of all his labor, and of the striving of his heart, wherein he laboreth under the sun? For all his days are but sorrows, and his travail is grief; yea, even in the night his heart taketh no rest. This also is vanity."²

The preacher's experience of wealth, pleasure, ambition, is much that which Lord Byron has expressed, imputing his interpretation to Childe Harold:

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
brim.

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he found

The days were wormwood; but he filled again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain

Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clanked not; worn with
pain,

Which pined although it spoke not, and grew
keen,

Entering with every step he took through
many a scene.³

Next the king tries philosophy; the result is no better: the wise man is none the better off for all his thinking:

For that which⁴ befalleth the sons of men
befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth
them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath; and man hath
no pre-eminence above the beasts: for all is
vanity.⁴

Wisdom, ambition, wealth, pleasure, all are vanity. It is useless to build houses and plant gardens and get men singers and women singers; useless to allow one's self to be inspired by a great ambition to attempt great things in the world, or to be incited by a great curiosity to understand life's mysteries.

Nothing can be changed and nothing

can be discovered; all is vanity of vanities. The poet's conclusion as to wisdom, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh," recalls that of the Persian poet, as interpreted by Edward Fitzgerald:

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

Next the king tries the golden mean: he proposes to take life as he finds it; to live day by day, without ambition, without philosophy; to choose the middle path, the path of safety. He will try the plan of taking care of his own interests, but so as to have some regard for his neighbor's property:

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, and hath not another to lift him up. Again, if two lie together, then they have warmth: but how can one be warm alone? And if a man prevail against him that is alone, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.¹

Combination is better than unregulated competition; not because love and service are higher than self-seeking, but because combination is a wiser kind of self-seeking. All excess fails; feasting is to be moderated by sympathy for the mourner, for "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the king will lay it to his heart." It is well to be righteous, but not too righteous; there is a golden mean between abandoning one's self unreservedly to self-indulgence and devoting one's self too heroically to virtue:

Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself? Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?²

The satirical conclusion of the king may be stated thus: Be as virtuous as the public opinion of your time requires; more than that is perilous; less than that is fatal. In the same spirit of keen satire Cardinal Newman has graphically described "the safe man:"

"In the present day mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set

¹ Ecclesiastes ii., 1-11.

² Ecclesiastes ii., 22, 23.

³ Childe Harold: Canto III., stanzas 8 and 9.

⁴ Ecclesiastes iii., 19.

¹ Ecclesiastes iv., 9-16.

² Ecclesiastes vii., 16, 17.

down half a dozen general propositions which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms, who can hold the balance between opposites so skillfully as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself against being supposed to exclude the contradictory—who holds that Scripture is the only authority, yet that the Church is to be deferred to; that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works; that grace does not depend on the sacraments, yet is not given without them; that bishops are a divine ordinance, yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have—this is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No.”¹

To be as good as the public opinion of your time requires is the golden mean. And what comes of that? How does it seem when old age comes on and death draws near? The author of Ecclesiastes endeavors in imagination to forecast the end of life, and with beautiful poetic figures describes the breaking down into decay and ruin of the habitation of the old man:

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for youth and the prime of life are vanity. Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; or ever the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the street; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one shall rise up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; yea, they shall be afraid of that which is high, and terrors shall be in the way; and the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the caperberry shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or

the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it. . . .²

This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard: fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.²

Perhaps in this chapter I have laid too much stress on the cynical and satirical view of life which pervades this poem. It is truly a poem of two voices; in it the two spirits speak. Through it are scattered nuggets of practical wisdom which are not cynical nor satirical; such are those which commend the cultivation of the cheerful spirit, the joyous life, the real and right use of the world and what it brings to man—“Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart;” “Live joyfully with thy wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity;” “Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth;” such are those which counsel to moderation and self-restraint, to self-respect and the cultivation of a sound mind—“A good name is better than precious ointment;” “The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit;” “Wisdom is as good as an inheritance;” such are some of the proverbs which seem not to belong to the poem but to be attached to it, much as, in a journal, the writer incorporates apothegms which have impressed him as specially worthy of preservation—“He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it;” “If the serpent bite before it is charmed, there is no advantage in the charmer;” “Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.” But these are incidental rather than essential to the poem. Its theme is indicated by its opening and its closing lines: “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;” what then? let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die? No! “Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.”

I do not know and cannot easily imagine what he makes out of the Book of Ecclesiastes who believes that every sen-

¹ Ecclesiastes xi., 9—xii., 1-7; 13, 14.

² Some critics think that this conclusion of the whole matter was written by another pen. I cannot understand their point of view. It seems clear to me that from the beginning to the end that was the result constantly kept in mind by the writer of this gnomic monodrama.

¹ “Apologia Pro Vita Sua,” by John Henry Cardinal Newman, pp. 102, 103.

tence in the Bible is equally authoritative with every other sentence. "Be not righteous over much;" is that a divinely inspired counsel? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;" is that a divine revelation of the truth? If so, how shall we reconcile it with the declaration of Paul, "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come," or that other declaration that "God giveth us all things richly to enjoy"? The truth of Ecclesiastes is the truth of human experience, larger and deeper than the truth of any text. Let the self-seeker try how he may to get satisfaction out of life, he is sure to fail—that is the lesson of Ecclesiastes, and a lesson the more eloquent because wrought out of a living experience. Try to get satisfaction out of things—warehouses ten, twelve, fourteen stories high; railroads binding together the borders of a continent; great palaces, hundred-thousand-dollar balls; what is the end? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." We are as children who build their houses on the sand, and the tide comes and sweeps them all away. Try to get satisfaction out of philosophy—say, We do not need God, nor conscience, nor churches, nor religion; these are for women and children; we will have a public-school system, great universities, knowledge, culture. What comes of that experiment? The end is the same. Cultivate the brain and leave the heart to be atrophied; cultivate the intellect and leave the conscience to die; teach men how to be shrewd, but not how to be honest, just, true, pure; and the end of that Mr. Huxley thus describes: "Undoubtedly your gutter child may be converted by mere intellectual drill into 'the subtlest of all the beasts of the field'; but we know what has become of the original of that description, and there is no need to increase the number of those who imitate him successfully without being aided by the rates."¹ This also is "vanity of vanities." Try, then, to accomplish great achievements; but still for ourselves, not for others; not great service of love, but great service of self; not great houses, not great wisdom, but great ambitions, shall be our aim; in this shall we find our soul

satisfied? The end of this, too, is "Vanity of vanities." Self-indulgent pleasure ends in pessimism; self-indulgent ambition is fatalism: "That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." There is nothing in Ecclesiastes more mournful than is to be found in the fatalism of John Cotter Morison's "Science of Man." Even self-sacrificing service of man is of but little value: "A man with a criminal nature and education, under given circumstances of temptation, can no more help committing crime than he can help having a headache under certain conditions of brain and stomach." "No merit or demerit attaches to the saint or the sinner in the metaphysical and mystic sense of the word. Their good or evil qualities are none of their making." "The sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education." "Bad men will be bad, do what we will;" the most we can do is to make them less bad. This, the necessarianism of its latest apostle, is as dismal and depressing as that of Ecclesiastes. Let us, then, try opportunism; take life as it comes; have a good time, but not with abandon; co-operate with others, but to serve ourselves; keep the golden mean; be a trimmer in politics and vote with the winning party; be a "safe man" in the church, and teach, not what we believe, but what others think we ought to believe. And though the party may give political rewards and the church ecclesiastical rewards, when old age comes and death impends and the disgrace of a prosperous but useless life is about to be bequeathed to our sons and our sons' sons, posterity will write our biography in this single phrase, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

What then? If there be no satisfaction in pleasure, in wisdom, in ambition, in the golden mean, where can it be found? In duty. In doing right because it is right. Not for reward here, nor for reward hereafter; not for happiness on earth, not for crowns in heaven, not for immortality of fame, not for immortality of personal existence; but because duty is duty, and right is right, and God is God. This seems to me the meaning of the confessedly enigmatical Book of Ecclesiastes.

¹ Science and Education Essays: The School Boards, p. 396.

Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man

Part XI.—The Approach of Tragedy¹

By Hamilton W. Mabie

WITH the advent of the seventeenth century, Shakespeare entered the greatest period of his life as an artist—the period of the Tragedies. During eight eventful years he was brooding over the deepest problems of human experience, and facing, with searching and unflinching gaze, the darkest aspects of life. That this absorption in themes which bore their fruit in the Tragedies was due primarily to a prolonged crisis in his own spiritual life is rendered practically certain by the persistence of the somber mood, by the poet's evident sensitiveness to and dependence upon conditions and experience, and by a series of facts of tragical import in the lives of some of his friends. His development in thought and art was so evidently one of definite progression, of the deepening of feeling and broadening of vision through the unfolding of his nature, that it is impossible to dissociate the marked change of mood which came over him about 1600 from events which touched and searched his own spirit.

Until about 1595 Shakespeare had been serving his apprenticeship by doing work which was to a considerable extent imitative, and to a larger extent experimental; he had tried his hand at several kinds of writing, and had revealed unusual power of observation, astonishing dexterity of mind, and signal skill in making the traditional characters of the drama live before the eyes and in the imagination of the theater-goers who made up his earliest constituency. From about 1594 to 1600 he had grown into harmonious and vital relations with his age, he had disclosed poetic genius of a very high order, and he had gone far in his education as a dramatist. He had written the Sonnets, and he had created Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, Juliet, Romeo, Mercutio, Benedict, Henry V., Falstaff, Shylock, Hotspur, and Dogberry. If he had died in 1600, his place would have been secure. His rep-

utation was firmly established, and he had won the hearts of his contemporaries by the charm of his nature no less than by the fascination of his genius.

His serenity, poise, and sweetness are evidenced not only by his work but by the representations of his face which remain. Of these the bust in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford, made by Gerard Jonson, a native of Amsterdam, and a stone-mason of Southwark in the poet's time, and the Droeshout portrait, which appeared on the title-page of the First Folio edition of the poet's works, issued in 1623, were accepted by his friends and contemporaries, and must present at least a general resemblance to the poet's features. They are so crude in execution that they cannot do justice to the finer lines of structure or to the delicacy of coloring of Shakespeare's face and head, but they make the type sufficiently clear. They represent a face of singular harmony and regularity of feature, crowned by a noble and finely proportioned head. The eyes were hazel in color, the hair auburn; the expression, deeply meditative and kindly, was that of a man of thoughtful temper, genial nature, and thorough self-control. In figure Shakespeare was of medium stature and compactly built.

It is significant that, after the first outburst of jealousy of the young dramatist's growing popularity in Greene's "A Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance," the expressions of Shakespeare's contemporaries indicate unusual warmth of personal regard, culminating in a magnificent eulogy from his greatest rival, and one who had reason to fear him most.

That he was of a social disposition, and met men easily and on pleasant terms, is evident from the extraordinary range of his knowledge of men and manners in the taverns of his time—those predecessors of the modern club. That he enjoyed the society of men of his own craft is evident both from his own disposition

¹ Copyright, 1900, by Hamilton W. Mabie.

and from the fact that he stood so distinctly outside the literary and theatrical quarrels of his time. The tradition which associates him with the Mermaid Tavern which stood in Bread Street, not far from Milton's birthplace, is entirely credible. There he would have found many of the most brilliant men of his time. Beaumont's well-known description inclines one to believe that under no roof in England has better talk been heard:

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid? heard words that have
 been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

The age was eminently social in instinct and habit; society, in the modern sense of the word, was taking shape; and men found great attraction in the easy intercourse and frank speech of tavern meetings. Writing much later, but undoubtedly reporting the impression of Shakespeare's contemporaries, Thomas Fuller says, in his "Worthies:" "Which two I beheld like a Spanish great gallion and an English man-of-war: Master Johnson (like the former) was built far higher up in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shake-spear, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

At the end of the sixteenth century Shakespeare was on the flood-tide of a prosperous life; at the very beginning of the seventeenth century a deep and significant change came over his spirit. In external affairs his fortunes rose steadily until his death; but in his spiritual life momentous experiences changed for a time the current of his thought, and clouded the serene skies in the light of which nature had been so radiant and life so absorbingly interesting to him. While it is highly improbable that the sonnets record in chronological order two deep and searching emotional experiences, the autobiographic note in them is unmistakable; it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that they express, if they do not literally report, a prolonged emotional experience culminating in a crisis which shook the very bases of his nature; which brought him

in the beginning an intense and passionate joy, slowly dissolving into a great and bitter agony of spirit; and issuing at last, through the moralization of a searching insight, in a larger and deeper harmony with the order of life. This experience, in which friendship and love contended for supremacy in his soul; in which he entered into a new and humiliating consciousness of weakness in his own spirit, and in which he knew, apparently for the first time, that bitterness of disenchantment and disillusion which to a nature of such sensitiveness and emotional capacity as his is the bitterest cup ever held to the lips, found him gay, light-hearted, buoyant, full of a creative energy, and radiant with the charm and the dreams of youth; it left him saddened in spirit, burdened with the consciousness of weakness, face to face with those tragic collisions which seem at times to disclose the play of the irony of fate, but out of which, in agony and apparent defeat, the larger and more inclusive harmony of the individual with the divine and the human order of society is secured and disclosed.

Shakespeare drank deep of the cup of suffering before he set in the order of art, with a hand at once stern and tender, the colossal sorrows of his kind. Like all artists of the deepest insight, the keenest sensitiveness to beauty, and that subtle and elusive but magical spiritual sympathy which we call genius, which puts its possessor in command of the secret experience of his kind, Shakespeare's art waited upon his experience for its full capacity of thought and feeling, and touched its highest points of achievement only when his own spirit had sounded the depths of self-knowledge and of self-surrender. In the great Tragedies life and art are so completely merged that they are no longer separable in thought; these dramas disclose the ultimate harmony between spirit and form.

This searching inward experience was contemporaneous in Shakespeare's life at the beginning of the seventeenth century with fierce dissensions between his personal friends in his own profession, with growing bitterness of feeling and sharper antagonism between the two great parties in England, and with a gradual but unmistakable overshadowing of the splendors of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth."

What is known as "The War of the Theaters" was at its height between 1598 and 1602; the chief combatants being Ben Jonson on one side, and Dekker and Marston on the other; the weapons of warfare, satirical plays. Thirteen or fourteen dramas are enumerated as having their origin in the antagonism between the rival playwrights, the best known and most important of these plays being Jonson's striking and characteristic comedy "Every Man in His Humour," and his "Poetaster." Dekker's "*Satiromastix*" and Marston's "What You Will" are chiefly interesting as forming part of the record of this vociferous war, and "The Return from Parnassus" on account of one interesting but obscure reference to Shakespeare which it contains: "Few of the University pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Juppiter*. Why, heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Jonson* too. O, that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought up *Horace* giving the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit." These words were put into the mouth of the actor Kempe and spoken to the well-known actor Burbage, and Mr. Ward suggests that their meaning may be put into plain speech: "Our fellow, Shakespeare, aye, and Ben Jonson, too, puts down all the university play-writers."

The reference to a purge administered by Shakespeare to Jonson has led to much speculation regarding Shakespeare's part in this professional quarrel, and "Troilus and Cressida" has sometimes been placed among the plays which contributed either light or heat to the discussion; many of Shakespeare's characters have been identified by different critics with the leading combatants and with others among his contemporaries; in no case, however, has any speculation in this field secured a proper basis of proof. This very fact, taken in connection with Shakespeare's long and cordial relations with Jonson, make it more than probable that the dramatist stood outside the arena, maintaining a friendly attitude toward both parties to the strife.

The relations between Jonson and Shakespeare are in the highest degree

creditable to both; but it is probable that Shakespeare's sweetness of nature was the chief element in holding them on so high a plane. By gifts, temperament, difference of early opportunity, methods of work, conceptions of art, the two were for many years rivals for supremacy in the playwright's field. The contrast between them could hardly have been more marked. Jonson was nine years the junior of Shakespeare, having been born in 1573. His grandfather had been a clergyman, and he was the descendant of men of gentle blood. He was city born and bred; at Westminster he came under the teaching of a man of great learning, William Camden, who made him a student and put the stamp of the scholar on his mind. He became a devout lover of the classics and a patient and thorough intellectual worker. Poverty forced him to work with his hands for a time, and when the War of the Theaters was at its height, his antagonists did not hesitate to remind him that he had been a bricklayer in his stepfather's employ. From this uncongenial occupation he found escape by taking service in the Netherlands, where he proved his courage by at least one notable exploit. He returned to London, and married at about the age at which Shakespeare took the same important step. He was a loyal and affectionate father, and a constant if not an adoring husband; he described his wife many years after his marriage as "a shrew, yet honest."

Like Shakespeare, he turned to the theater as a means of support; appeared as an actor; revised and, in part, rewrote older plays; collaborated with other playwrights. He lacked the faculty of adaptation, the capacity for practical affairs, and the personal charm which made Shakespeare successful as a man of business; but, through persistent and intelligent work, he placed himself at the head of his profession.

He was of massive build; his face strong rather than sensitive or expressive; his mind vigorous, orderly, and logical, rather than creative, vital, and spontaneous; he was, by instinct, habit, and conviction, a scholar; saturated with the classical spirit, absolutely convinced of the fixed and final value of the classical conceptions and methods in art; with a

touch of the scholar's contempt for inaccuracy, grace, ease, flexibility. He was a poet by intention, as Shakespeare was a poet by nature; a follower and expounder of the classic tradition, as Shakespeare was essentially a romanticist; he achieved with labor what Shakespeare seemed to accomplish by magic; he wrought out his plots with the most scrupulous care for unity and consistency, while Shakespeare appeared to take whatever material came to hand with easy-going indifference to the niceties of craftsmanship. To a man of Jonson's rugged and somewhat somber temper, the success and love which Shakespeare evoked with such ease must have seemed out of proportion to his desert; while Shakespeare's methods of work must have seemed to him fundamentally defective and superficial. It was a case of great dramatic intelligence matched against great dramatic genius. When it is remembered that the two men were working in the same field and for the same audience, the intensity of their rivalry, and the provocations to jealousy and ill feeling which would naturally rise out of it, become very clear.

Shakespeare's generous nature, reinforced by his breadth of vision, apparently kept him free all his life from any touch of professional jealousy or animosity. Jonson saw his rival pass him in the race for popular favor, and could hardly have been blind to the fact that Shakespeare distinctly distanced him in artistic achievement. He was a conscientious man, standing loyally for the ideals of his art; he was a scholar, to whom accuracy in every detail was a matter of artistic morals; but as the immense vitality of the age seemed to penetrate to the very source of his massive intellect and lift it above its laborious methods of work into the region of art, and to turn its painstaking patience into lyrical ease and grace, so Jonson's essential integrity of nature and largeness of mind forced upon him a recognition of his rival's greatness. It is true he sometimes criticised Shakespeare; he commented sharply on certain passages in "Julius Cæsar," where Shakespeare was on his own ground; he declared that Shakespeare had "small Latine and less Greeke;" that he "wanted art;" that he ought to have "blotted a thousand" lines; that he "had an excellent fancy; brave

notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped;" but all these adverse opinions, for which there was, from Jonson's point of view, substantial ground, fall into true perspective and are evidences of discriminating judgment rather than uncritical eulogy when the passage in which they stand is taken in its entirety, to say nothing of the noble lines which appear in the First Folio. "I loved the man," wrote Jonson, "and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy; brave notions and gentle expressions. . . . There was more in him to be praised than pardoned."

That there were occasional outbursts of impatience with Shakespeare's ease, spontaneity, and indifference to the taste and standards of men who were primarily scholars and only secondarily poets, is highly probable; it could hardly have been otherwise. To men of plodding temper, of methodical habits of work, of trained faculties rather than of force and freedom of imagination, the facility of the man of genius often seems not quite normal and sound; it is incomprehensible to them, and therefore they regard it with a certain suspicion. It is greatly to Jonson's credit, when his temper and circumstances are taken into account, that he judged Shakespeare so fairly and recognized his genius so frankly.

There is good reason to believe that Shakespeare kept aloof from the professional quarrels of his time among his fellow-craftsmen, and that he was a kind of peacemaker among them; his kindliness went far to disarm the hostility of those who differed with him most widely on fundamental questions of art. It is an open question, which has been discussed with ability on both sides, whether Jonson had Shakespeare in mind in a striking passage in "The Poetaster;" it is quite certain that he could hardly have described Shakespeare's genius more aptly:

His learning savours not the school-like glass
That most consists in echoing words and
terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrapp'd in the curious generalities of arts,
By a direct and analytic sum

Of all the worth and first effects of art,
And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.

Deeper matters than occasional references to his lack of scholarship, and sharp antagonisms among the men with whom he worked and among whom he lived, pressed on Shakespeare's mind and heart in the opening years of the seventeenth century. The reign of Elizabeth was drawing to its close, under a sky full of ominous signs. The splendor of the earlier years, which has given the reign a place among the most magnificent epochs in the annals of royalty, had suffered, not an eclipse, but a slow clouding of the sky, a visible fading of the day. The Queen had become an old and exacting woman, craving a love which she knew was not given her, and an admiration which she could no longer evoke. She still held her place, but she understood how eagerly many who surrounded her with service and protestations of devotion were waiting for the end and the chances of promotion in a new court. While they were praising her immortal youth they were writing to James in Scotland that she was aging rapidly and that the end was at hand. There were faces, too, that must have been missed by the lonely sovereign as she looked about her. When she signed the death-warrant of Essex, she ended the career of one of the most brilliant men of the age, and of one of her most devoted servants. Southampton was sentenced to death at the same time, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The people firmly believed in Essex's innocence of any designs upon the Queen, and her haughty refusal to listen to the pleas made in his behalf turned their hearts against her. The Earl of Southampton was not a man of sound judgment or of cool temper; but there were in him a generosity of spirit, a loyalty to his friends, and a charm of temper and manners which bound men to his person and his fortunes.

Through him there is every reason to believe that Shakespeare was drawn into close relations with Essex, who was, like Southampton, a man who lacked the qualities of character necessary for success in a period of conflicting movements and sharp antagonistic influences, but who

had a winning personality. In the prologue to the fifth act of "Henry V." Shakespeare made an unmistakable allusion to Essex, and one which showed how near Southampton's friend was to his heart:

Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him!

Later, when the plot against the ruling party at the court was on the point of execution, the play of "Richard II." was put on the stage of the Globe Theater and elsewhere for the purpose of awakening and giving direction to popular indignation against the men about the Queen. It is probable that the play produced under these circumstances, and at the instigation of the organizers of the ill-fated enterprise, was Shakespeare's well-known drama. This play never had the approval of the Queen, who disliked its theme. There is no evidence beyond this fact to connect Shakespeare with the plot which sent Essex to the block. It is highly improbable that so rash an enterprise would have secured his support. It was not necessary that he should follow Essex's fortunes in order to love him.

Deficient in strength and ability both as a soldier and a politician, Essex knew how to charm not only the crowd but those who stood near him. His face has that touch of distinction which is far more captivating than many more solid qualities. He had the gracious air of a benefactor; there was an atmosphere of romance and adventure about him; he was a lover of the arts and the friend and patron of writers, who recognized and rewarded his generosity in a flood of dedications full of melodious praise. The temper of the age was personified in these two ardent, passionate, adventurous, brilliant personalities far more truly than in many men of cooler temper and more calculating spirit. It is significant that the representative men of the Elizabethan period rarely husbanded the fruits of their genius and perils; they lived too much in the imagination to secure those substantial gains which men of lesser ability but greater prudence laid up for themselves. Drake, Raleigh, Sidney, Essex, Spenser, were splendid spenders of energy, time,

genius, and opportunity, rather than hoarders of money, influence, and power. Shakespeare gave full value to sagacity, prudence, and poise of character, but he loved the adventurers because the light of the imagination was on their careers and the touch of tragedy on their fortunes.

It is easy to understand, therefore, how deeply the fate of Essex and Southampton weighed upon his heart. In their downfall the iron entered his own soul. When Elizabeth died in 1603, he remained silent while the chorus of poets filled the air with plaintive eulogy. Chettle complained that "the silver-tongued Melicert," as he called Shakespeare, did not "drop from his hound-muse one sable tear."

The temper of the time had changed, and there were unmistakable signs of the approaching storm. The deep cleavage which was to divide the English people for many decades began to be visible. The Puritan spirit was steadily rising under the pressure of restriction and persecution; the deep springs of gayety in the English nature, which ran to the surface in all manner of festivals and merry-making, in a love of the dance, in a passion for music and an almost universal knowledge of the art, in the habit of

improvising songs and a general appreciation of the singing quality which gave English literature almost a century of spontaneous and captivating song-writing, were beginning to flow less freely and with diminished volume.

It was not, therefore, a matter of accident, or as a result of deliberate artistic prevision, that, about 1601, Shakespeare began to write tragedies, and continued for seven or eight years to deal with the most perplexing and somber problems of character and of life. He had passed through an emotional experience which had evidently stirred his spirit to the depths; the atmosphere in which he lived was disturbed by bitter controversies; men whom he honored and loved had become the victims of a tragic fate; and the age was troubled with forebodings of coming strife. The poet was entering into the anguish of suffering and sharing the universal experience of loss, surrender, denial, and death. He had buried his only son, Hamnet, in the summer of 1596; in the autumn of 1601 his father, in whose fortunes he had manifested a deep interest, died at Stratford, and was buried in the quiet churchyard beside the Avon. The poet had learned much of life; he was now to learn much of death also.

The St. Paul Public Baths

By Eltweed Pomeroy

IN the Mississippi River, right opposite the most populous part of the city of St. Paul, is a low island of about fifty acres. Until this year it was covered with marsh grasses and a tangled mass of low-branching poplars and wild undergrowth. It lay between two of the most traveled bridges over the river, within five minutes' walk of the City Hall, and with a trolley-line almost touching its lower end, so manifestly a waste product that almost no attention was paid to it. Within a few blocks men, women, and children were crowded into tenements.

Some one has defined a great man as one who utilizes a waste product for a great human need. By this definition Dr. J. Ohage is one of St. Paul's great men. This far-sighted, generous, energetic German physician has for years been quietly

buying up the tangled titles to this fifty-acre island. About a year ago he accomplished it, and then people began to call it Ohage's folly. Undeterred, he started a public subscription to pay for the island and for making it an attractive bathing and breathing space for the people. He had the underbrush cleared off, dead trees cut down and new ones set out, paths laid out, grass planted, built a board bridge to it, a bathing-house and pavilions, and some two hundred rustic wooden benches.

This spring he placed in the Mayor's hands a deed for the whole place, transferring its title to the city and people of St. Paul whenever the balance of the money that it actually cost is paid. It has cost \$10,000, against the \$250,000 for Rice Park and the \$300,000 for Smith Park, neither of which is one-tenth as well

patronized as the new Island Park. A quarter of this \$10,000 has already been subscribed, so that \$7,500 is all that has to be raised. The only conditions attached to the transfer are that the island shall be under the St. Paul Board of Health, so as to be under non-partisan control, and always open free to the public as a park.

Dr. Ohage has been made a Health Commissioner, and his burly form can be seen there almost every day directing improvements and inspiring all with his presence. To illustrate the spirit, I copy the Rules for Visitors, which are very short and simple:

No intoxicating drinks of any kind are allowed on the grounds, nor are people in a state of intoxication admitted.

No one afflicted with a loathsome or contagious disease is permitted to bathe.

All obscene or boisterous language and indecent conduct are strictly forbidden.

That is all. Dr. Ohage, like so many of our citizens of German descent, is fond of his glass of beer after the work of the day, but he says he won't have liquor of any kind or cigarettes or chewing-gum sold on the grounds. And the following, copied from the Notice to the Public, shows the spirit still more clearly:

These baths and grounds and everything pertaining thereto belong to the citizens of St. Paul—to you.

You are part owner of them, and therefore interested in their success and reputation. Interest yourself sufficiently in them by your own good conduct and your treatment of others that they may be a source of healthy and joyful recreation for our fellow-citizens, as intended.

If you bring your own soap, towel, and bath-suit, no charge will be made, and you will have free access to the baths and dressing-rooms.

If you choose not to trouble yourself with these, you can get a bath-suit, towel, and soap for two cents, or private cabinet with locker for one-half hour, bath-suit, two towels, and one piece of soap for five cents.

On application you can get instruction in swimming free of charge. . . .

Payments at the baths or restaurant are made in checks only, which you can get of the cashiers in two and five cent denominations. No attendant is allowed to receive money. . . .

The baths and restaurants are under the direct control of the Board of Health, which vouches for their cleanliness and sanitary condition.

The baths are open during the season every day, Sundays included, from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M.

This notice is a curious combination of a Ruskin-esque statement of a great principle and an administrator's statement of

practical rules. Dr. Ohage says he is a Socialist, and that he started this project as an experiment in municipal socialism. He says the workingmen have no place to meet in except the saloons, and there they must buy liquor and do get drunk or at least muddled. He drinks liquor himself, but one of his main objects in starting this park was to compete with the saloons by giving the workingman and his family a place for social life where that social life could be wholesome, sweet, and within the workingman's means and strength.

Notice that if you bring your own bathing-suit, the use of the dressing-rooms costs nothing, while the suit, locker, soap, and towels cost only a nickel. I can vouch for the cleanliness and good quality of all of these and for the courtesy of the attendants. It was a pleasure to meet and talk with them. No tipping is allowed and no money can be used on the grounds. At the entrance you can change your money for the checks, and services or food can be paid for only in these checks. Dr. Ohage thinks tipping is a source of discontent and robbery.

A friend accompanying us suggested the laying down of cement paths. The Doctor scouted the idea, saying that there were enough pavements in the big sweltering city, and that here he wanted a bit of nature which the people could get at.

The restaurant is run by the Board of Health because, as Dr. Ohage says, a private company would naturally want to make as much money as it could, and that, even if the prices were fixed, the quality would be lowered. Here is a part of the bill of fare:

Glass of milk or buttermilk.....	2 cents
Coffee or tea and sandwich or two rolls.....	5 cents
Beef tea	5 cents

I can testify to the quality of the coffee; it was served with genuine cream; and the rolls were big, sweet, and wholesome. Yet, in spite of the low prices and no prices, the whole experiment is paying expenses.

In June, though only just opened and in partial order, the management came out \$15 ahead.

When will our great communities learn the value and need of public baths, parks, and other public utilities of saving, preserving, and improving that most precious

of all commodities, that highest form of wealth, human life? Aristotle once said: "The State came into being that man might exist, but its end is that man might live nobly." We have learned the first part of this, but we are only just beginning to appreciate the real meaning,

scope, and grandeur of the last part, that the end of the State "is that man might live nobly." This public bathing-place and recreation-ground is one of the means, and no insignificant one, by which the life of the people may be brightened and ennobled.

Ancient Egyptian Valuation of Life¹

By Charles James Wood

A PART from that complete reversal of men's attitude toward the world which was introduced by Jesus the Christ, there have been moral developments and ethical variations in the succession of the ages.

The cave-dwellers had their theologies and ethics, but continuity in the line of evolution has not yet been rediscovered.

From cave-dwellers and lake-dwellers to ancient Egyptians is a long way, but the ethics and theology of the most ancient Egyptian books is perhaps the farthest back we can trace the line of the evolution of mankind's ideas of personal relations, human and divine.

It is, at any rate, interesting to look over the road mankind has marched in its journey to the City of God. At the same time it should be confessed that the Egyptian gnomists had a conception of religion and morals, a valuation of life, not widely different from a school of theology not yet obsolete. Mr. Myer has brought together in one large volume *The Book of Kaqemna* (about 4000 B.C.), *The Precepts of Ptah-hotep* (about 3500 B.C.), *The Maxims of Ani* (possibly as old as 1500 B.C.), *The Book of Sayings* (about 1300), together with the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter of the *Per-em-hru*, commonly called the *Book of the Dead*, which chapter is of unknown antiquity. In this way Mr. Myer has put before us material for an examination of the ancient Egyptian's attitude toward life. The author's arrangement of his material has this utility, that, while the ethical writings generally appear rather formal and separated from any religious sanction, yet the prior chapter

of the *Book of the Dead* exhibits the religious sanction lying behind all these precepts of the ancient Egyptian *Chesterfields* and *Poloniuses*.

It is a trait of the wisdom literature of most peoples to appear self-sufficient. We find little of the religious sanction in the wisdom books of the ancient Hebrews—*Ecclesiastes*, *Proverbs*, and the *Apocryphal* wisdom books. Some of the supernatural element that is in them was added or interjected by later hands. Wisdom or gnostic books are not usually spiritual.

Kaqemna counsels justice in arbitration, freedom from gluttony, from drunkenness, kindness to one's children, affability, and avoidance of vainglory. If we correctly understand the implication of the preface to this ancient writing, Kaqemna hoped by its composition to acquire merit to open for him upon death the gates of Paradise. For be it remembered that while the Egyptians stood among ancient nations pre-eminent in their belief in personal immortality, they did not trust in a universal immortality. They were believers in conditional immortality, and their books, like the Christian sacred writings, teach the second death, which is extermination. If a life, when weighed in the hall of the Judge of the dead, did not balance the feather of truth, that life, or soul, or character, or personality, was, after torments, cast out into the void.

The *Precepts of Ptah-hotep* begin with a passage descriptive of old age which recalls the famous words to the same effect in the twelfth chapter of the *Book of Ecclesiastes*. As we now have it, *Ptah-hotep's* treatise contains forty-four chapters. They resemble the Hebrew *Proverbs*, and are interfused with religious sanction. While *Ptah-hotep* deals with

¹ *The Oldest Books in the World: An Account of the Religion, Wisdom, Philosophy, Ethics, Psychology, Manners, Proverbs, Sayings, Refinement, etc., of the Ancient Egyptians.* By Isaac Myer, LL.B. New York

matters of conduct and good breeding, he sometimes enforces his counsels by reference to divine favor and retribution. For examples: "Do not create fear among men, or God will contend with thee in like manner. If any one pretends to live by such means, God will take the bread out of his mouth; if any one designs enriching himself [in that way], God says to him, 'I will take to myself again [these riches.]'" "If thou humblest thyself in obeying a superior, thy conduct is wholly good before God." "If thou art a wise man, train up a son who will be pleasing to God." "Love for the work they do, this brings men to God." "What God likes is, that one hears [hearkens to what is being said]; if one does not hear, that is abhorrent to God." This is about all the reference that Ptah-hotep makes to divine favor. In the main his advice is the counsel of Polonius, for the ancient Prefect advises subservience to those of superior rank, an equable temper, kind treatment of wife and children, good table manners, faithfulness in fulfilling orders, justice, avoidance of tale-bearing, and general politeness. All this seems an over-valuation of petty observances—a resemblance to the Chinese estimate of life as taught by Confucius. There is want of nobility, of feeling, of high ideals. Ptah-hotep's reading of life was to secure material comfort and freedom from annoyance. There is no room in this for that Christian chivalry which, with all its vagaries, bequeathed, as Browning and our better religious teachers estimate it, our lofty valuation of life. At his highest, old Ptah-hotep was a worldly, pious person. He had the temper, though not the grasp, of a Montaigne.

There is ample reason to believe that Ptah-hotep's valuation of life prevailed among the Egyptians down to the end. Mr. Myer gives us maxims of the Ptolemaic period which only echo the precepts of this early ethical teacher and exponent of Tupperian poetry. Ptah-hotep, it is said, might have been a pharaoh had he chosen, but he renounced the "double house," perhaps because he did not, like a later imperial philosopher, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, believe that "even in a palace life could be led well."

Of the theory of life of the scribe Ani it is not easy to give a confident opinion,

for translators of his maxims widely disagree. Mr. Myer has wisely given the chief variants.

In general, we should say that Ani's idea of religion was the performance of religious ceremonies. In this he comes nearer than his predecessors to the doctrine of Confucius. Nevertheless, if M. Ammelineau be correct, precept xi. is deeply spiritual. It runs thus: "What the sanctuary of God detests are noisy feasts; if thou implorest Him with a loving heart, whereof all the words are mysterious, He will do thy affairs; He accepts thy offerings." However, Mr. Budge will have it that this version is far away from the meaning, and in all probability Mr. Budge is right. There is nothing of the "sanctuary of God" in it. Ani advises, "Place before thyself as an aim the attainment of old age," and the preparation of a tomb. This all readers will recognize as characteristically Egyptian. In passing, it is worth while to observe that Ptah-hotep does not name any of the gods of Egypt except Horus and Osiris. Ani speaks of the sun as "the god of this earth," and that is the only god named. Otherwise Ani invariably says "God." The following maxim is the highest expression of Ani's spirituality, and it is not high: "Give thyself to God. Keep thyself each day for God, and let to-morrow be like to-day. Sacrifice: God sees him who sacrifices; He neglects him who neglects." Probably this is, at the best, functional religion, for all the other maxims of Ani deal with details of conduct. They are bent upon instilling prudence and caution.

Having cited such words of Kaqemna, Ptah-hotep, and Ani as convey religious sanction, it may seem that it has been unfair to stigmatize the Egyptian gnomists as formal and worldly. Yet, consider, these constitute all of their invocation of the religious sanction, and in the case of Ani it amounts to nothing at all. In the case of the others there is no evident nexus between faith and morals. This life they value according as it is long and free from pain. No higher purpose occurs to them. They have not learned from the Cross the divine excellence of pain. They live only for pleasure. The beatitudes will be incomprehensible. Progress through night to light is an idea undreamed of by them. Their ideal is comfort.

The papyrus of Sayings, which is at Leyden, is the next gnomic book. Dr. Lauth puts it at the period of the Exodus. In form the Sayings resemble the Hebrew Proverbs: "The desert stretches out to overcome the cultivated land of the oasis, all the outside barbarians come into Egypt." "There is a career open for any workingman, be he an Egyptian or a stranger." "Revealed magic and outspoken wishes suffer no detriment when memorized by man." "The mummy of the divine sparrow-hawk lies on the board; the most elevated come to a lowly tomb." "In whose apron was nothing, she becomes mistress of a metal mirror."

Is not this enough to show the sententiousness of these proverbs? In general, they deal with the mutability of fortune, and the cosmic whirligig. The author was one of "the flowing philosophers," and is pragmatic at times like Mr. George Meredith and the late Walt Whitman.

After all, it is as easy to make a hundred proverbs as one. A man has only to get the knack, then he can turn the crank while half asleep; but to keep a quatrain from being Tupperian requires the genius of Ani or of Edward Fitzgerald.

This is not the place to consider carefully the chapter of the last judgment in the Book of the Dead, for the reason that the topic is too great. Sufficient that the reader recognize the bond there made between life here, and there—beyond death. Curiously enough, did not life in any age show it to be the rule, worldliness and otherworldliness are found in this chapter to have kissed each other. The strange, occult, and apocalyptic vision of judgment in this chapter seizes upon the imagination. But what is to our point is that the moral code of early Egypt is here fully laid down. This is the Sinai of the ancient Egyptians.

The ancient Hebrews had ten commandments; the men of Egypt, forty-two. This would seem to obviate casuistry. Were there an Escobar, a Suarez, and a Liguori in Egypt of the first sixteen dynasties? When the soul of the dead man enters into the hall of the judgment of the dead, where Osiris sits, gigantic, grim, inflexible, then the soul protests his innocence of any one of the forty-two deadly

sins. There is not room to give here a list of them. Few of them touch upon essential immorality. They are details of conduct and propriety. In form they remind us of Job protesting his integrity. For instance, the soul declares, "I am not one who curseth the king. I put no check on the water in its flow. I am not one with a loud voice. I am not swollen with pride. I do not steal the skins of the sacred animals. I have not done the act of devouring my heart. I have not committed arson." Yet these do not cover all the moral scope of the forty-two assessors of human life. Justice, chastity, honesty, and mercy, with due adoration of the gods, are included.

Sacrilege may be said to be an evolution of taboo, as also incest; nevertheless, sacrilege is spiritual incest, anywhere, in time or space. This is true from *Per-em-hru* to the Hebrew prophets, to St. John the theologian and mystic of Patmos. Naming the Apostle of Patmos recalls again the Psychostasia, the judgment of the Egyptian soul in the hall of Osiris, the god of the dead. For here again, in remote antiquity, is the vision of a lake of fire, of four mysterious living creatures, of a fountain, a cross, of a mountain of light, of the spiritual scribe with his ink-horn and pen, of the great dragon or serpent of darkness, and other features of the Apocalyptic landscape.

No invention of modern fiction is stranger, weirder, profounder, than this hoary fragment of years immemorial. In conclusion, it is enough to say that Mr. Myer has set forth much material for reflection. From his collections of ancient wisdom it is apparent that we of to-day have somehow got other values in life, new appreciations. Did the Hebrews get their genius for righteousness from the Egyptians? If so, they vastly improved upon the originals in their later writings, excepting Ecclesiastes. Gnostic literature is usually dry. La Rochefoucauld requires a mood in which to read him; so does Ani, the Egyptian scribe, dead now these three thousand years and more. Human nature has changed. Our ideals have changed, and with the ages the God-consciousness becomes ever more clear, religion and morals grow closer to identity.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

All About Dogs: A Book for Doggie People. By Charles H. Lane. John Lane, New York. Eighty-seven illustrations of Dog Champions drawn from life by R. H. Moore. 9×5½ in. 399 pages. \$2.50.

The writer is an expert in dog-lore, and has often acted as judge in English competitions. The amount of information furnished is large, and we have no doubt it is also accurate and sound. The pictures are capital, and show life, character, and action. What a pity that the author did not have his work revised by some one who knows what good English is! A worse-written book in point of style we have rarely seen.

Alphonse Daudet's Works. Numa Roumestan, translated by Charles De Kay. Kings in Exile, translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. The Little Parish Church, translated by George B. Ives. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50 per volume.

Three volumes of a new and excellent edition of Daudet. The first two volumes are devoted to two novels so famous and so familiar that it is needless to comment upon them. "The Little Parish Church" is less well known in this country. It was written in 1894, and was thus one of the last of Daudet's books; and a striking contrast to the Tartarin stories which preceded it. The novel is a profound though often disagreeable study of the passion of jealousy, acute psychologically and abounding in passages showing deep knowledge of the springs of human action. The volumes of this edition are of a size pleasant to handle, have a handsome blue-and-gold cover stamp, and are altogether acceptable in all external essentials. Each of the novels has a critical and biographical introduction.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. By Henry F. Hewes, M.D. The American Book Co., New York. 6½×5½ in. 320 pages. \$1.

Brief Course in General Physics. By George A. Hoadley. The American Book Co., New York. 7½×5½ in. 463 pages. \$1.20.

The author holds the chair of Physics in Swarthmore College. His practical knowledge stands him in good stead here by showing what can be done in a given course of study, what experiments are possible with simple apparatus, and how best to combine laboratory and text-book work.

Critical Criticiser Criticised; or, Ingersoll's Gospel Analyzed. By Page A. Cochran. 8½×5½ in. 176 pages. 50c.

The writer of this critique on Mr. Ingersoll's discourse, "What Must We Do to Be Saved?" includes a reprint of this in his book. Mr. Ingersoll's incapacity for judicious criticism is illustrated by his objection that the disciples of Jesus knew only the Hebrew tongue, whereas the Gospels are written in Greek. Mr. Cochran's similar incapacity is

illustrated by his presenting the Apocalypse as a programme of the world's history, and by his finding a particular fulfillment of its predictions in the orgies of the French Revolution. Mr. Ingersoll deserves more credit than he has received for his declaration in regard to Christ, as given in the discourse here reviewed: "Had I lived at that time, I would have been his friend; and should he come again, he will not find a better friend than I will be."

First Book of Birds, The. By Olive Thorne Miller. (School Edition.) Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 7¾×5¼ in. 149 pages. 60c.

In this volume Mrs. Miller endeavors to interest young people in bird life in such a way as to give them the habit of observation and study. In a series of thirty chapters she gives what are practically as many familiar talks on everything relating to the bird's way of living, his occupations, amusements, diet, home-making, and character. The book is enlivened by eight full-page colored illustrations, besides plain plates, and is equally attractive in the matter of pictures and of text.

From India to the Planet Mars. By Professor Th. Flournoy. Translated by D. D. Vermilye. Harper & Bros., New York. Illustrated. 8×5 in. 447 pages. \$1.50.

Hélène Smith is the name given in this book to a young woman actually living in Geneva and employed in a commercial house there. She has been a "medium" for years, but not for pay. M. Flournoy, who is a professor of psychology in the University of Geneva, has studied this medium for several years, knows her home life and antecedents, and entirely scouts the theory of conscious fraud or collusion in her "trance manifestations;" he with equal positiveness rejects the spiritistic theory held by the young woman herself, and finds a sufficient explanation in sub-conscious brain-action united with telepathy or thought-reading. Hélène imagines herself to be the reincarnation of an Indian princess, and also of Marie Antoinette, while her guiding spirit is Cagliostro, or Joseph Basalmo, now called by his spirit manifestation Leopold. The infantile prattle of the medium about India and Mars (to which latter place she is wont to go freely in her trances) contains nothing whatever to enlighten or instruct mankind, and nothing inconsistent with the theory that the entire mass of literary rubbish might easily have been evolved by the active, imaginative brain of a young woman of no great culture. Whether the construction of these dreams was made with intent to deceive, or (as Professor Flournoy asserts) by latent sub-conscious, self-hypnotized brain-action, is impossible to judge at second hand. The story of Mars actually includes an elaborately con-

structed language, self-evidently artificially built upon the idiomatic model of the French tongue—a thing impossible for any language of natural growth, whether in Mars or on the earth.

General William B. Franklin and the Operations of the Left Wing at the Battle of Fredericksburg. By Jacob L. Greene, Hartford, Conn. 8½×6 in. 38 pages.

This brief and well-digested monograph, recently prepared for the Hartford Monday Evening Club, revives the conviction, long since formed by military critics, of the woeful incompetence of the Federal General in command at Fredericksburg, and of the gross injustice suffered temporarily by General Franklin in being charged by the Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war with having caused the loss of the battle by disobedience to orders. Colonel Greene's terse presentation of the facts stirs fresh indignation, even at this distance, against the folly and duplicity to which the wise commander fell a victim, the neglect of whose counsel and entreaty was responsible for that bloody and ignominious day.

Higher Algebra. By John F. Downey, M.A., C.E. The American Book Co., New York. 8¼×6 in. 416 pages. \$1.50.

A special feature is made of concise, logical demonstrations following each general principle stated, illustrations and verifications being treated separately. Many new short processes are used.

Kin-Da-Shon's Wife: An Alaskan Story. By Mrs. Eugene S. Willard. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 8×5 in. 281 pages. \$1.

An excellent book for Sunday-school and missionary libraries.

My Mother's Life: The Evolution of a Recluse. By Mary H. Rossiter. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 8×5½ in. 353 pages.

This memoir from autobiographical memoranda is rather remarkable. A delicate woman, thought to be a consumptive, a recluse dreading publicity, idealist and poetical, is gradually led into wide activity in the early "crusading" of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in service as an evangelist. At the age of fifty-eight, being healed of heart disease, according to medical testimony, through the efficacy of prayer at the sanitarium of the Seventh-Day Adventists, she devotes the rest of her life with augmented energy to the service of that Church. The record in which these points of historical and psychological interest stand out has the attractiveness which belongs to a saintly, unselfish, and heroic spirit.

Practical Composition and Rhetoric. By William Edward Mead, Ph.D. With the co-operation of Wilbur Fisk Gordy. Sibley & Ducker, Boston. 4½×7 in. 371 pages.

"Restraint of Trade;" Pros and Cons of Trusts. By William H. Harper. Published by "Restraint of Trade," Chicago, Ill. 9×6 in. 368 pages. 50c.

An almost encyclopædic collection of facts, arguments, and opinions respecting trusts. The collector has done his work dispassionately, but has, of course, so marshaled his material as to present his own view, which is

that trusts are a necessary product of evolution, from which, in turn, will evolve the public ownership of the monopolized industries. The book is full of telling quotations, the author's love of fairness and love of epigram leading him to insert many which tell against his own positions. One of these is General Francis A. Walker's expression of impatience with the economists who are satisfied to call trusts "the product of evolution." "A modern train-robber," he remarked, "is also a product of evolution. Some evolution is worthy only of condemnation. Some evolutionists ought to be hanged." General Walker never lost sight of the moral in dealing with the economic. What he would have us keep in view respecting capitalistic combinations is the question whether they are evolved from the desire to profit at the expense of others, or the desire to profit through the service of others. If the first, they are to be condemned in economics as well as morals; if the second, they are to be commended. The chief shortcoming of the evolutionists among whom Mr. Harper must be classed is their assumption that, in the domain of economics, grapes may be gathered off thorns, or figs of thistles.

Russia Against India. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Harper & Bros., New York. 8×5 in. 246 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Colquhoun's books on China have made him a recognized authority of high order on the Eastern question. He knows India as well as he does China, and deals with facts and personal observation rather than with theorizing. Contrary to the opinion of most writers of recent date on the general subject, Mr. Colquhoun holds that there is real danger of a move upon India by Russia, and he urges the taking of immediate measures "to safeguard the prestige of the Anglo-Saxon in Asia." In this he thinks the United States and Germany should join. A main means, he thinks, would be the construction of a railway route from Quetta to Seistan, thence to Ispahan and onward. Under the chapter-title "The British Rule in India" is found some extremely frank and cogent criticism of over-taxation, red-tape, defective ideals of education; and more might be said about the total lack of real sympathy between governing and governed classes. In large part the book is a historical survey of Russia's "bit-by-bit creeping" toward the east and the southeast.

Side-Lights on the Reign of Terror: The Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echerolles. Translated by Marie C. Balfour. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 9×6 in. 334 pages. \$4.

There is an ever-renewed fascination about memoirs relating to the Revolution, and few books of the class have more direct, dramatic human interest than those here presented in admirable typographical form and with pleasing portraits. Mademoiselle des Echerolles really had the skill of a professed romancist in framing her dialogue and narrative. The book originally appeared in 1793, and it covers the tragic four years preceding. It was a favorite with Lamartine, and deserves to be with a wide circle of American readers. The present translation is well done.

Seven Gardens and a Palace. By E. V. B.

John Lane, New York. 8×5½ in. 298 pages. \$1.50. This is one of the pleasantest of the many volumes which have appeared in late years in celebration of the beauty, the fragrance, the seclusion, and the interest of gardens. To an American, at least, the English garden never loses its charm; that charm is brought out in seven chapters devoted, with a single exception, to as many different gardens, each garden being characteristic, each illustrative of some stage of garden culture in England, and most of the gardens enriched with historical or personal associations. The volume is delightfully printed and illustrated.

Way the Preachers Pray, The. With Notes by One of Them. W. G. Smith & Co., Minneapolis. 6¼×4¾ in. 103 pages. 50c.

Ten pulpit prayers of as many prominent ministers of different denominations, having been obtained through stenographers, are severally criticised in this volume by an eleventh minister. The purpose is laudable, and the effect likely to be beneficial, so far as the criticisms, which are both apt and kindly, obtain consid-

eration. The prayers under review are generally superior in expression to the average extemporaneous effort. The denominations represented are the Baptist, Congregationalist, Disciples, Methodist, Presbyterian, Universalist, and Independent; but there is nothing in any of the prayers to indicate the denominational source, or anything more distinctive than the pervading unity of the Christian spirit. The value of the collection is considerably enhanced by an introductory essay on "Prayer in the Light of Modern Thought." The writer concludes by quoting with approval a recent editorial utterance in *The Outlook*:

Whilomville Stories. By Stephen Crane.

Illustrated by Peter Newell. Harper & Bros., New York. 7½×5½ in. 199 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Crane, from his first great popular success until his recent sad death, did no literary work more thoroughly and truly artistic than is found in these slight and simple sketches of child life. If they are not hilariously humorous, they are whimsically droll, and they bridge the interval between the reader's adult life and his boyhood with amazing skill and truth.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any books named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Will you please give me all the information you can regarding the exact relation sustained by the Church of England to the State? For instance, how are the clergymen appointed? how are they paid? are the people taxed to support the Church? etc. C. Y.

Theoretically, every founder of a church had the right to appoint its minister in perpetuity. At the present time 6,092 benefices are in the gift of private persons, 1,144 in the gift of the Crown, 1,853 of bishops, 938 of cathedral chapters and other dignitaries, 770 in universities and collegiate bodies, and 931 in the gift of the incumbent of the mother church. The highest officers are appointed by the Ministry in the name of the Crown, and the management of the Church is in the hands of the bishops and archbishops, subject to the authority of the Queen and Parliament. The bishops and archbishops are entitled to seats in the House of Lords. The greater part of the revenue of the Church is derived from ancient endowments, and is estimated to be about seven million pounds annually.

1. What books of reference would you recommend to a Bible class of college students studying the Exile and the period subsequent thereto? 2. What books of the Bible and what portions of books are assigned by modern scholarship to these periods? W.

1. See Sanders and Kent's "Messages of the Later Prophets" (Scribners, \$1), Kent's "History of the Jewish People," and Riggs's ditto (Scribners, \$1.50 each), Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life after the Exile" (Putnam, \$1.50). 2. The following entire: Ruth, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Canticles, Ecclesiastes, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Haggai, Malachi, Joel, Jonah, Zechariah, Daniel. The following in part: Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Jeremiah. Additions were made to Judges, Samuel, Kings, and the Pentateuch, with Joshua, was completed and put into the present form. See Bennett's "Primer of the Bible" (Holt & Co., \$1.25).

What works on Natural History would you recommend for a school library, cost not to exceed \$75 or \$100? L. I. D.

The following list of books relating to Natural History and cognate subjects was prepared at our request by a teacher of experience. Other correspondents and readers will, we think, find it useful. Any bookseller could procure the works named, but the prices given are those actually obtained by one library buying all the books and receiving a discount: "Autobiography of the Earth," Hutchinson, 96c.; "First Book in Geology," Shaler, 95c.; "Geological Excursions," Winchell, \$1; "Story of Our Continent," Shaler, 80c.; "Nature and Man in America," Shaler, 96c.; "Introduction to Geology," Scott, \$1.71; "Rivers of North America," Russell, \$1.28; "How Plants Grow," Gray, 76c.; "How to Know the Wild Flowers," Dana, \$1.40; "Botanizing," Bailey, 48c.; "Plant Life," Barnes, \$1.07; "Elementary Botany," Atkinson, \$1.19; "Trees of the Northern United States," Apgar, 95c.; "How to Know the Ferns," Parsons, \$1.20; "Moulds, Mildew, and Mushrooms," Underwood, \$1.43; "Life and Her Children," Buckley, 96c.; "Days Out-of-Doors," Abbott, 96c.; "Wild Neighbors," Ingersoll, 96c.; "Boys and Girls in Biology," Stevenson, 64c.; "Zoology," Packard, \$2.28; "Insect Life," Comstock, 96c.; "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," Lubbock, \$1.28; "Aquatic Insects," Miall, \$1.12; "Entomology for Beginners," Packard, \$1.33; "Life of a Butterfly," Scudder, 75c.; "Brief Guide to Common Butterflies," Scudder, 94c.; "Butterflies," Scudder, \$1.43; "Life Histories of American Insects," Weed, 96c.; "Manual of Vertebrate Animals," Jordan \$2.03; "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," Chapman, \$1.92; "Aspects of the Earth," Shaler, \$1.60; "Lakes of North America," Russell, \$1.50; "Trees of Northeastern America," Newhall, \$1.12; "Butterfly Book," Holland, \$2.55; "American Fishes," Goode, \$2.24; "Bird Neighbors," Blanchan, \$1.28; "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," Blanchan, \$1.28; "Evolution of Geography," Keane, \$1.60; "Winners in Life's Race," Fisher, 96c.; "Curious Homes and Their Tenants,"

Beard, 59c.; "Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer," Winchell, \$1; "Our Native Ferns," Underwood, \$1; "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," Winchell, \$1; "Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers," Tyndall, 96c.; "First Book of Physical Geography," Tarr, 99c.; "Elementary Physiology," Morgan, 58c.; "Elementary Meteorology," Waldo, \$1.50; "Elementary Physiography," Thornton, 72c.; "Elementary Meteorology," Davis, \$2.50; "Physical Properties of Gases," Kimball, 80c.; "Sound, Light, and Heat," Wright, 72c.; "Electricity," Brennan, 48c.; "Wireless Telegraphy," Bottone, 64c.; "Electricity," Caillard, 80c.; "Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes," Davis, 38c.; "Elementary Meteorology," Ward, \$1.12; "Minerals, and How to Study Them," Dana, \$1.13; "Fairlyland of Science," Fisher, 96c.; "The Sun," Young, \$1.28; "Volcanoes, Their Structure, etc.," Bonney, \$1.28; "Earthquakes and Other Earth Movements," Milne, \$1.12; "Stories of Insect Life," Murefeldt and Weed, 30c.; "Citizen Bird," Wright and Coues, \$1.35; "Our Native Trees," Keeler, \$1.60; "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," Mathews, \$1.12; "Shrubs of Northeastern America," Newhall, \$1.12; "Guide to the Trees," Lounsbury, \$1.60; "Extinct Monsters," Hutchinson, \$1.26; "Ice-Work, Present and Past," Bonney, 96c.; "Story of the Hills," Hutchinson, 96c.; "North American Slime-Moulds," Macbride, \$2.03; "Lessons with Plants," Bailey, 99c.; "Nature and Work of Plants," Macdougall, 72c.; "Plant Relation," Coulter, 99c.; "Plant Structures," Coulter, \$1.08; "Our Native Birds," Lange, 90c.; "Manual of Zoology," Parker and Haswell, \$1.44; "Colours of Animals," Poulton, \$1.12; "Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals," Heilprin, 96c.; "Wonders of the Yellowstone," Richardson, 96c.; "Gleanings from Nature," Blatchley, \$1.13; "Physiography for Advanced Students," Simmons, 99c.; "Glaciers of North America," Russell, \$1.75; "Physiology of the Senses," McKendrick and Snodgrass, \$1.20; "Introduction to Zoology," Davenport, \$1.20.

I am trying to do some mission work among the newsboys of this city, and am anxious to learn something of the methods used in such work, as it has been very little noticed here, except by the Salvation Army. Has anything been published upon the subject? If so, please refer me to it.

J. C. H.

The League for Social Service, to whose bureau of information we referred this inquiry, sends us the following:

The institutional churches and settlement houses of this city do a great work for street boys, but nothing for newsboys as a class. There is a newsboys' club at the Willard Y. Settlement, Myrtle Street, Boston. For information address Miss Sara E. Coates, at the Settlement house. The "National Printer-Journalist," February, 1899, gives a full account of the work for newsboys done by the "Evening Press," of Grand Rapids, Mich. (Chicago, 25 cts.). See also Reports of the Children's Aid Society, New York City; "Boys' Clubs," by Winifred Buck ("North American Review," October, 1898, page 509); "About Boys and Boys' Clubs," by Alvan F. Sanborn ("North American Review," August, 1898, page 254).

I have been very much interested recently in reading Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." What is your opinion of it? Can you give me the names, publishers, and prices of any other books of a similar character?

W. L. D.

We know of no other book that treats the subject so elaborately. Its merit is in exhibiting some real analogies between the laws of nature and of spirit. Its defect is in some false analogies, favoring quietism and Calvinism. Professor Drummond is believed to have changed his mind on some points, but did not live to rewrite the book. Dr. Bushnell, in his "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (Scribners, New York, \$1.50), has, if we remember correctly, struck the same vein of thought; and Tenyson refers to it in his line,

"One God, one law, one element."

Can you give in your columns, or tell where I can find, the best forms of benediction other than the Apostolic formulas?

CLERGYMAN.

Besides the Apostolic formulas (see 2 Corinthians xiii., 14; 1 Thessalonians v., 28, and 2, ii., 16, 17; iii., 16;

Hebrews xiii., 20, 21), there is the priestly formula in Numbers vi., 24-26, and the royal benediction in 1 Kings viii., 57. A benediction is often made from Philippians iv., 7, by a simple change of mood in the verb, also adding, usually, "And the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, abide with you forever." We have heard of non-Biblical benedictions, but do not admire such, and do not know where they are found.

In traveling through the Berkshire Hills, I came upon the following verse painted upon a board and nailed to the trunk of a majestic elm standing in front of a prominent hotel. Neither the proprietor nor any guest present could give the name of the author. Can you, for I have examined a half dozen encyclopædias of poetry and fail to find the name?

THE VOICE OF THE ELMS

Cæsar lived fifty, we an hundred years,
And still another hundred will stand like seers,
And watch the generations as they come and go
Beneath our branches in their hurried flow.

D. B. C.

These lines are evidently of the homespun kind. If not by a local rhymist, they are probably by one equally unknown to the Muses.

1. I send you a clipping in which I find J. W. Philip, of the battle-ship Texas, spoken of as an Admiral. Please write me if he was made an Admiral after the battle of Santiago. 2. Also state what are the steps in the navy before a line officer can be made an Admiral, and whether or not more than one Admiral can be in one fleet.

L. M. R.

1. He was made a Rear-Admiral, which, in colloquial usage, and by courtesy, gives him the title of Admiral. 2. The grades in the naval service are, Ensign, Lieutenant, Lieutenant-Commander, Commander, Captain, Commodore, Rear-Admiral, Admiral. There are several Rear-Admirals in the United States Navy at present; Admiral Dewey alone holds the rank of Admiral.

"Jesus wept." Why? Can John xii., 40, be reconciled with God's love and justice if man is immortal by nature?

D. H. C.

The natural tribute of a tender heart to the sorrow of friends, though assured of their speedy relief. The passage as quoted by John is not the same as the original in Isaiah vi., 10, but must not be understood as affirming a direct act of God. It refers rather to the natural operation of moral causes (divinely arranged, of course), whereby neglect of moral and religious faculties brings on a weakness or palsy of those faculties, with resulting inability to discern and lay hold of saving truth.

Would you be good enough to mention some of the publications of the Society of Psychological Research, and say where they may be had?

W. M.

Its publications are mostly confined to its monthly "Journal" and semi-annual "Proceedings," both of which go free to members and Associates paying the annual fee of \$5. It also publishes Mr. Edmund Gurney's valuable work on "Phantasms" (i.e., apparitions). Address the Secretary of the American Branch of the Society at 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

Will The Outlook please inform me about Ralstonism, and say whether or not it is indorsed by intelligent men and women who are not interested in it financially?

J. Q. R.

We have no direct personal knowledge of it, but know intelligent persons who esteem it highly as a scheme of hygienic living. For details of the scheme see the publications issued at the office in Washington, D. C.

Can any one inform me who is the author of these lines:

"The poem hangs on the berry-bush
When comes the poet's eye;
And the whole street is a masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by."

H. C. H.

Kindly tell me by whom the following poems were written: "The Deliverance of Leyden" and "Battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus."

M. W. K.

Correspondence

What Can a Nation Do?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You say, "The Outlook believes that the United States is a Nation, that it has all the powers and prerogatives of a Nation, that it may do whatever it is legitimate and honorable for any Nation to do." Now for my questions. Some nations may legitimately and honorably make grants for the support of royalty; may this Nation do that? Some nations may legitimately and honorably grant titles of nobility; may this Nation do that? Some nations may legitimately and honorably deal with domestic violence without regard to local authorities; may this Nation do that? Some nations may legitimately and honorably pass laws respecting an establishment of religion; may this Nation do that? Some nations may legitimately and honorably alter boundaries between their different component parts; may this Nation do that? Indeed, what is the relation of this Nation to the Constitution of the United States?

J. P.

[We think our meaning was clear enough. Any nation may legitimately and honorably do in its national capacity whatever is consonant, first, with the general laws of justice and righteousness, and, second, with its own essential principles as incorporated in its constitution, written or unwritten. This principle of national life belongs to the United States as a nation. It is a nation, not a confederacy of States.—THE EDITORS.]

Hospital Experiments: The Religious View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The letter which appeared in The Outlook recently concerning some "Hospital Experiments" touches questions of much interest. To what extent are investigations upon sick patients in hospitals morally justifiable when made, not for any benefit to the individual, but simply for the general advancement of science? That such experiments upon human beings are frequently made is only too certain. Only last week (August 4) a noted New York surgeon described in the

"Journal of the American Medical Association" his experience with a new instrument, which some of his professional brethren consider of doubtful value. This instrument, the surgeon assures them, is a really good thing, and one quite safe to use. "*In order to test the efficiency of it, I selected for hysterectomy two cases. . . . They were strictly inoperable cases from the standpoint of cure.*" The instrument worked satisfactorily, but what of the patients? In this instance, two women incurably diseased with cancer were subjected to the most severe surgical operation possible, not with any hope or thought of effecting a cure, for the cases were "strictly inoperable," but merely, as he explains with frankness, "in order to test the efficiency" of his new instrument. This surgeon is one of the leading men in the medical profession, widely known as a writer, and he is attached to one of the hospitals of New York City. I want to be entirely fair in the statement of the case. The poor creatures were beyond the possibility of cure, and would have died anyway before long. Undoubtedly their lives were a burden, and death a release. Was it right or wrong to use them as tests of the surgical efficiency of a new instrument?

It seems to me that the answer to this question, involving the morality of human vivisection, depends very largely upon the attitude which one takes towards some of the vital problems of life. What, for example, is a man's relation toward religion? Here is one who believes in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; in the story of the manger and the cross; in the mission of Jesus Christ; in that divine love which touched alike the fallen woman at the feast, the blind beggar by the wayside, Lazarus with his sores, and the prodigal among the swine. How sacred, then, to him is even "the least of these my brethren"! There is a surgeon in Baltimore—one of the most eminent in America, I am glad to say—who never performs a capital operation without going first upon his knees and asking the blessing of God. Can we imagine such a man "testing the efficiency"

of his implements on the body of some poor woman who had confided herself to his professional care?

Now, suppose, on the other hand, that, as a man of science, I accept agnosticism as the intellectual answer to the great problems of life and destiny. In this universe is there any God? Did it spring from the hand of a Creator? Does it show a moral purpose? I do not know. There is hardly anything in nature which science is not ready to account for by some other than the theistic hypothesis; and the God of my childhood has thus disappeared forever. Then, of course, the immortality of the soul becomes to me as the shadow of a dream. Then the idea of a revelation of divine will ceases to be believed. I find myself in a world of anguish and stress and strain. What is the signification of this universal "struggle for existence"? What is the meaning of the tiger's claw, the shark's tooth, and the serpent's fang? What is Duty but enlightened selfishness, or Right but the will of the strongest power? What to me are mercy and pity but misdirected emotions that block human progress?

Here, in a hospital or asylum under my charge, is an incurable cancer-patient, a hopeless lunatic, or a dying child. They are lives which are merely a burden to society, and utterly valueless to the world. Is there any reason why I should not utilize them for purposes of science? Pretending to operate for the woman's benefit, may I not really do so just to "test the efficiency" of my newly imported instrument? Extirpating one cancer, may I not plant another in healthy tissue to see if it will grow? Upon this dying babe may I not try some new operation with as little stir of emotion as if it were a puppy or a rabbit? What are these ignorant beings to me but the very dregs of humanity—personalities which in a few days at the uttermost would probably pass into the everlasting silence? On what ground do you forbid me if I would hasten the day of their departure by using them as "material," when I do so only for the greater benefit of scientific discovery? Do you tell me that this is all wrong? Yes, if judged by the principles of Jesus Christ; but why wrong if the ideals of Jesus were impracticable for human conduct, if his life was a failure, and God but an animis-

tic development from a prehistoric fetich? I am not claiming for Christianity more than belongs to her. The most pronounced advocate of human vivisection among my acquaintances is a physician who is also a Presbyterian elder, and its strongest opponents are Unitarians to whom Jesus was but a man. But, with all exceptions, the practice rests upon the practical negation of God. It will continue to increase with the advancing tide of skepticism, until God and Duty have again acquired their old meaning for scientific men.

SCIENTIST.

Prohibition vs. Total Abstinence

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook of August 11 contained an article from a Kansas Prohibitionist, in which he says:

Thirdly, because the law in Kansas has shown that the making of liquor-selling illegal is the making of liquor-drinking dishonorable, keeping large numbers of people from this dangerous habit. If a man will drink, there are no side entrances through which he can drag his family in after him.

The readiness with which some people believe that things are as they wish them to be—or think they ought to be—is surprising. Where "J. H." lives, and what are his opportunities, I do not know, but I do know that he is entirely mistaken as to the effects of prohibition.

I came to Kansas forty-four years ago, and have always been a worker in the temperance cause. I helped to secure the adoption of the prohibitory amendment, and for ten years helped to enforce it; but candor compels the reluctant admission that all of my work in that direction was worse than wasted. Fortunately (or unfortunately), I neither can nor wish to "close my eyes and go it blind" in reform work, and, as it is now clear that the temperance cause is being held back instead of promoted by its professed friends, I beg permission to make a few statements about prohibition and temperance in Kansas.

1. It is true that there is less drunkenness in Kansas than in any other State with as many people—but this was as true forty years ago as it is to-day. An unusually large part of its early settlers were temperance people, and the State has never lost its relative position.

2. Prior to the "Gospel Temperance

Movement" we had restrictive laws, but (like prohibition) they did more harm than good. They diverted attention from the fountain of the evil—the drink *habit*—and, consequently, it spread steadily; but when the blue ribbon movement came, it went forward with leaps and bounds—and it did this faster and faster every year.

3. Unfortunately, we were soon lured by the *ignis fatuus* of prohibition into taking what looked like a short cut to the goal of universal sobriety, and for twenty years we have relied almost entirely upon law—law—law. During about half that time the impetus we had received kept us going forward, though with steadily decreasing speed, but during the last half we have lost ground faster and faster.

4. At the present time there is hardly a village in the State with a few hundred inhabitants in which liquor cannot be obtained by every resident who wishes it. We have spasms of "law enforcement," but they constantly grow more infrequent, weaker, and farcical. The custom of "licensing by means of monthly fines" is now common even in small places.

5. "Making liquor-selling illegal" is *not* "making liquor-drinking dishonorable." On the contrary, the drink habit is spreading and becoming increasingly fashionable. Even the preachers seldom urge total abstinence upon the members of their congregation. They have eagle eyes for the "jointist" far away, but cannot see the dram-drinkers on the pews before them and at their official boards. The truth is that there are fewer total abstainers in Kansas to-day than there were twenty years ago. In the fashionable and lower circles drinking is now almost universal, and in the middle walks it is also fast becoming the rule instead of the exception. And the reason for all this is that our temperance people bring all their batteries to bear on the "dram-seller," and pay almost no attention to the dram-drinkers, but for whose support there would be no dram-sellers. However, here, as well as everywhere else, public drunkenness is less common than formerly.

6. The demoralizing effect of prohibition in politics is sickening. Scores of thousands of our men talk and vote for prohibition, and yet pay men to violate

the law for their own gratification. They are opposed to "open saloons," but not to joints. That is, they are for prohibition for some people, but not for themselves and friends. And the result is that the vicious element is easily handled by the worst men in all parties, and controls many of their nominations.

7. An appalling fact is that hundreds of thousands of cases of perjury are committed every year under the drug-store provisions of our law.

8. Reflection and observation have convinced me that, in this as in nearly all other reforms, reliance upon law has, and always will be, a failure. Men cannot be forced or driven upward, but they can be persuaded to rise. They can also be helped, but only when they are willing. Improvement is always individual—one at a time, not in masses. The real issue is not between prohibition and restriction, but between force and love—between pagan and Christian methods. And I feel sure that the temperance cause will continue to lose ground until its advocates abandon compulsory methods and confine their efforts to persuading men and women to properly regulate their own lives.

9. "Moral suasion" and "legal suasion" methods cannot be carried on successfully together. They are absolutely antagonistic. The legal *always* paralyzes and supplants the moral, and unites the most of the drinkers into active defenders and extenders of the habit.

Every candid observer knows that the temperance cause has long been losing ground, and I submit that it must continue to do so until we again place the ax at the root of that upas-tree, the drink habit. For more than ten years I have sought for an opening in which to renew total abstinence work upon a new plan, but until lately most temperance men have been too infatuated with prohibition to candidly consider any other policy. Is there not now some place where the good people are ready to see what can be done by love, persuasion, and reason?

ALBERT GRIFFIN.

Topeka, Kan.

England and the Opium War
To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Having read the very interesting article on China by Henry Loomis Nelson in

a recent number of your magazine, I beg you will make room for the following view of the so-called "opium war," from the "North American Review" for June, 1896, whereby we learn that England's course was justified by that grand champion of liberty, John Quincy Adams.

M. L.

A very common feature of any discussion in the United States of the trade or commercial policy of England in respect to other nations is the preference of a charge against her of having, more than half a century ago, instituted a war "in order to force poor China to take the opium that England was trying to compel her to import, no matter what the great evils resulting." For this charge, which has been popularly regarded as irrefutable, there is no good or sufficient warrant further than that complete evidence to the contrary has only within a recent period become popularly accessible through the publication of English state papers, although the would-be American authorities on this subject might, in at least a degree, have become cognizant of the exact truth (as will be presently shown) had they taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the published results of an investigation of this subject by one of their own and greatest statesmen. A summary of the indisputable facts in the case are as follows:

Previous to the inception of the so-called "opium war" between England and China (*i. e.*, in 1840), opium was cultivated in no less than ten of the provinces of China, and its importation was permitted and regularly taxed, the same as any other imports. Opium, the product of India, was imported into China by the East India Company under such circumstances and without inhibition, but to an estimated extent of not more than two per cent. of what would be necessary to meet the demand of the whole Chinese population. The charge that England first introduced opium into China has, therefore, not the slightest foundation in facts.

Some time previous to 1840 the Chinese Government prohibited not merely its importation but its use for any purpose, and any violation of these enactments was made a capital offense. As the appetite for opium on the part of the Chinese was not thereby extinguished, the business of smuggling and illicit dealing became very great, and is now known to have been largely participated in by the very Chinese officials whose business it was to enforce the law. The Chinese Government, furthermore, was not successful in enforcing its law against opium. What was then also the policy of the British Government toward China is demonstrated by the fact that Lord Palmerston, then Premier, sent a despatch to one British resident agent in China, to the effect that, if any British subject chose to contravene the laws of China in respect to the trade in opium, "he must do it at his own risk." On the other hand, the Chinese Government, from the very outset of the opium trouble, re-

fused to enter into any negotiations with the British Government, not in the interest of the opium trade, nor in the interests of trade, but in order to put the relations of the two Governments on a footing that would be tolerable and induce the Chinese to no longer assume that all foreigners were barbarians and that barbarians must be kept under control. When Lord Napier was sent as Minister to China in 1834, its Government declined to have anything to do with him, and went out of its way to belittle him by using offensive characters for his name and in other ways insulted him. When Lord Napier, fairly driven out of China, was replaced by Sir Charles Elliot, the Chinese authorities at Canton, for the purpose of deliberate insult to foreigners in general, proposed to make the area in front of the so-called "factories," where British merchants and the citizens of other countries were virtually compelled to reside, a place for the public execution of criminals.

As might have been expected, war followed such a condition of things. It was virtually commenced by the Chinese, who sent a fleet of fire-ships to burn the English shipping in the harbor of Canton. It resulted in obtaining from the Chinese Government a promise, that was not, however, kept, that the persons and property of the merchants of all nations trading with China should be protected in the future from insult and injury, and that their trade and commerce should be maintained upon a footing common to all civilized nations. And if England had not undertaken the task of teaching the Chinese this initiatory lesson, the Government of the United States would, sooner or later, have had to do it, if they were to maintain peaceful commercial relations and trade with China.

The so-called "opium war" of 1840, thus brought about, attracted much attention in the United States, as the interests of its merchants prospectively involved were at that time very considerable; and among those of its citizens who especially considered the subject was ex-President John Quincy Adams, who gave to the American public, in December, 1841, the results of his investigations, in the form of a lecture before the Massachusetts Historical Society, which was subsequently reprinted in the "Chinese Repository," an American missionary paper published in Canton. After tracing historically what had occurred up to the year 1841, Mr. Adams said: "Do I hear you inquire what is all this to the opium question or the taking of Canton? These, I answer, are but the movements of mind on this globe of earth, of which the war between Great Britain and China is now the leading star. The justice of the cause between the two parties—which has the righteous cause? I answer, Britain has the righteous cause. The opium question is not the cause of the war, but the arrogant and insupportable pretensions of China that she will hold commercial intercourse with the rest of mankind, not upon terms of equal reciprocity, but upon the insulting and degrading forms of the relation between lord and vassal."

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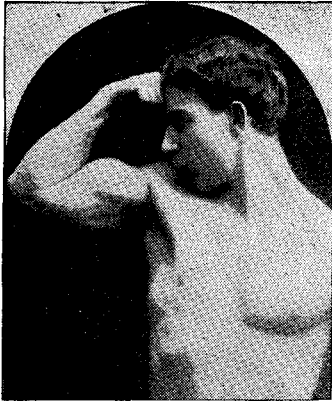
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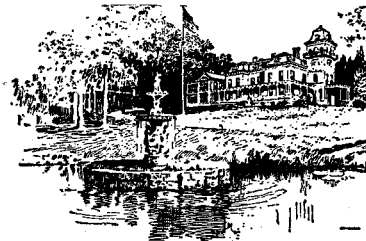
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